

# THE MAULIFFE AND MYER FIGHT.

## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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GENTLY SWINGING TIME AWAY.

THIS IS HOW THE JOLLY BOYS AND GIRLS DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY AT RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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### JACK M'AULIFFE.

Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt, has satisfied his friends that their confidence in him was not misplaced, and he has convinced the public that he is still the cleverest light-weight pugilist in the world. He disposed of Billy Myer, a fighter of marked ability, better known to the sporting public as the Streator Cyclone, in fifteen rounds in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, on the evening of Sept. 5. This victory brought the champion a purse of \$10,000 and \$10,000 in stakes. Myer was the favorite with western and southern sporting men, and McAuliffe's eastern admirers undoubtedly won many thousands of dollars by judiciously backing the champion.

The battle, while it lasted, was spirited. McAuliffe did the leading, and showed conclusively that he was superior to his opponent. Myer, however, made a game fight, and got in some good blows. The exhibition of pugilistic skill and human strength was a splendid one, but McAuliffe finally put a stop to it by a clean knock-out blow. Dick Roche then offered to back the victor against any man in the world at 133 pounds for \$10,000 a side.

McAuliffe is still the world's champion. Long may he wave!

The battles between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett and George Dixon and Jack Skelly will be illustrated and recorded in No. 785 of the POLICE GAZETTE, issued on Sept. 10.

# EXTRA!

## JACK M'AULIFFE!

He Whips Billy Myer In  
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A CLEAN KNOCK-OUT.

The Champion Outclasses the  
Streator Cyclone.

\$20,000 FOR THE VICTOR.

New Orleans' First Battle a Big  
Pugilistic Success.

SEVEN THOUSAND SAW IT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

SPECIAL TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 5.  
Jack McAuliffe is still the light-weight champion. He proved his right to the title in the arena of the Olympic Club, this evening, when he knocked out Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone in fifteen rounds. It was the first of the three big fights, and it was a mighty interesting one. McAuliffe showed his su-



M'AULIFFE'S TRAINING QUARTERS.

periority from the start. Myer, however, made a good fight, but it was plain he was outclassed. McAuliffe is still the undefeated, and the proud holder of the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt.

In addition to the glory, McAuliffe won by his victory over Myer twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand in stakes and a purse of an equal amount. The battle naturally created national interest, and sporting men from all parts of the country came here to witness it.

All day the pool room under the St. Charles Hotel was crowded to almost suffocation with speculative sporting men. It became apparent soon after the place opened that McAuliffe would be the favorite at the ring side. For several days past rumors have been floating about the city to the effect that Myer's friends would bring down half the money in Chicago to bet against the light-weight champion, and it did look yesterday as though the Windy City sports had enough money with them to scare off McAuliffe's friends.

"Honest" John Kelly, Dick Roche, Jimmy Colville, Larry Killian, Frank Maguire, of Bangor, and other McAuliffe adherents, laid pretty low until this morning, hoping to place their money advantageously, but it wasn't long before they found out that if they wanted to bet at all it would be necessary for them to lay odds. Kelly got on about \$1,500 at odds, and tried his best to place \$5,500 more on the same terms, but was unsuccessful. Roche waited around all day in the hope of putting \$5,000 on Jack, but was disappointed.

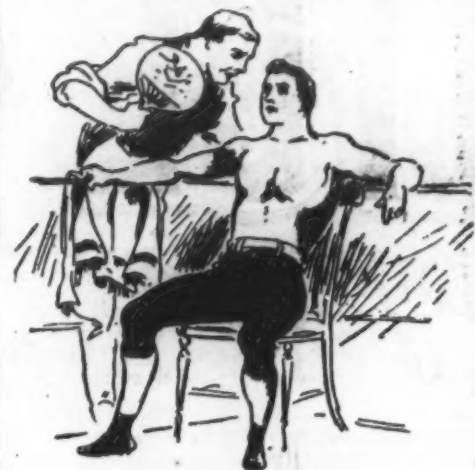
The others failed to place any considerable amount of money on the Brooklyn boy, a hundred or two being the limit of the Westerners. Clark put out about two thousand dollars on Myer, and would have had no difficulty in finding takers for six times that amount. He is authority for the statement that his townsmen brought only \$5,000 all told to bet on the Streator "Cyclone."

Ed. Stoddard "Brooklyn Jimmy" Carroll and Frank Maguire spent a good part of the day with McAuliffe, whose wants were attended to by Jimmy Nelson and Jack Sheehan. The light-weight champion occupied the rooms in which Jack Dempsey spent the two days preceding his fight with Fitzsimmons, on the second floor of the house No. 46 Rampart street, next door to the Young Men's Gymnasium Club. Everything that

Cabinet Photographs of Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer, made to any address, on receipt of 10 cents each. They are splendidly finished. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

could possibly be done to make a man comfortable was done for Jack, and his opponent from all accounts was quite as well cared for.

Alf Kennedy, Myer's backer, has been with him constantly since he began to train, and nothing has been left undone to send him into the ring a perfectly conditioned athlete. At 6:30 o'clock John Kelly began to despair of placing any more of his money at anything



IN M'AULIFFE'S CORNER.

like a fair price. Just as he was about to start for the club he was handed a telegram, which read:

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.

Place \$10,000 on McAuliffe for me at 10 to 7, if you can't do better.

M. F. Dwyer.

Kelly fairly swamped the poolrooms and finally succeeded in getting the money on an average price of 5 to 4. Warren Lewis had some trouble in cashing a \$100 Bank of England note, but Capt. Williams gave him American money for it, and the New Yorker put it out at \$100 to \$60, which were the closing odds. This drop in the Myer quotations was occasioned by a rumor that George R. Clark, of Chicago, who is credited with having put up one-fifth of the Streator man's stake, was trying to hedge out all the money he had bet. It is a sure thing that he placed \$1,000 on McAuliffe in one of the poolrooms, and his friends declared that he had tried his best to clear himself altogether of his investment on Myer.

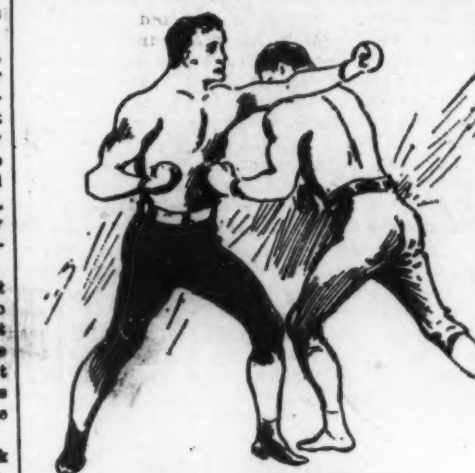
All day long the ticket office of Broker Frank, on St. Charles street, was crowded by an eager mob of ticket holders who were anxious to pay their good money over in exchange for the pieces of pasteboard that entitled the holder to a seat in the arena. A great many persons from a distance had engaged seats by telegraph, and they had, in a majority of instances, to be identified, as some person had secured the seats on Sunday by misrepresentation. Then the management, in self-defence, was compelled to do something to protect themselves.

The trip from the heart of the city to the rink was exciting and interesting. An endless procession of carriages filed through St. Charles street to Gravier, and then to Canal street, where a turn was made into Canal street, which was followed until Bourbon street in the heart of the French quarter was reached. The pretty women of the French quarter, in flowing gowns of white, hung from the windows, while whole families stood in the shadows of their doorways and scrutinized the occupants of the carriages as the horses splashed past. The street cars were crowded to the doors, and soon the downtown portion of the city had lost the greater part of its floating population.

Long before 6 o'clock thousands of men and boys had gathered in Royal street, and the ticket holders, headed by the police, had to force their way through a solid mass of humanity. It was no easy task, but by hard work the officers kept the one doorway on Royal street and the two entrances on Charles street comparatively clear. A huge electric light, looking like a great white eye, glowed in front of the Olympic Club. Within the Club house all was comfortable and cozy, and visitors appeared to be making themselves at home. The big house was crowded to the extent of its accommodation. Rooms had been set apart for the use of McAuliffe and Myer, that of the champion being on the ground floor, while his opponent's was immediately overhead. Every convenience was provided for the comfort of both men.

The spectators began arriving at the arena about 5 o'clock, when the doors were thrown open, and it was first come first served for the galleries, and by 6 o'clock the latter place appeared to be quite filled. The general public seemed to prefer the upper galleries, as they gave a fine view down into the ring, and they were filled before the down-stairs seats were taken. The roof of the amphitheatre was only of tarpaulin, and there were large openings at the side which gave ample ventilation, a very necessary feature, as the weather was warm.

The demand for reserved seats was so great that the club increased the number from the original 1,300 to 2,500. As there was no hurry about those having reserved seats very few of them appeared before 8



MYER'S CLEVER DODGING.

o'clock, by which time the building began to be well filled.

The ventilation and lights were very good, and there was none of that stuffy feeling so frequent in buildings where there are many thousand persons congregated. Some of the work about the building was a little rough, having been done only in the last few days. Indeed, as the press seats ran out addi-

tional ones had to be contributed and were completed only a few hours before the doors of the club were thrown open to the public.

Before 9 o'clock the arena was uncomfortably full of men who paid \$15 for box seats, \$10 for lower seats, and \$7.50 for seats in the gallery, and when ex-Mayor Guillette made the formal announcement that a contest for the light weight championship of the world was about to take place he received a rousing cheer. Prof. John Duffy, the official referee, then climbed through the padded ropes and there was a howl of pleasure.

Police Captain Barrett weighed the gloves personally on the stage, and on finding that they pressed the scale down at full five ounces tossed them into the centre of the ring. He then warned the crowd that order must be maintained, and that persons who made too much noise or in any way misconducted themselves would be ejected from the building.

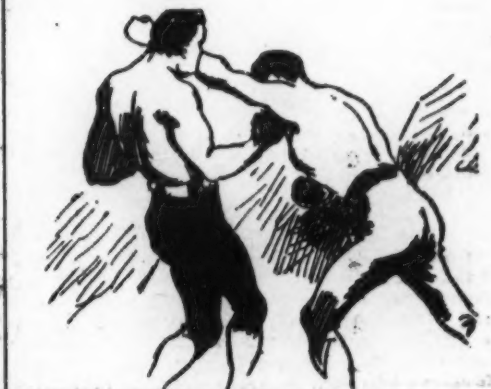
The men weighed in a few minutes before 9 o'clock. The limit was 133 pounds. Myer scaled 137 1/4 and McAuliffe 137 1/4 pounds. When this proceeding was told by Prof. Duffy, it was made known that the time-keeper would be H. M. Frank, while Jimmy Colville of Boston, would hold the watch for McAuliffe, and George R. Clark for Myer.

It was 9:10 o'clock when McAuliffe entered the ring accompanied by his handlers. He was only moderately applauded. Myer, who followed a minute later was loudly cheered, showing that he was the favorite with the large majority. McAuliffe's seconds were Joe Choyinski, Jack Sheehan, Jimmy Nelson, and Prof. James Robertson.

There was a slight quibble regarding the rules, but it was finally adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties. McAuliffe smiled as his seconds fanned him as though fighting was the pleasantest part in the world.

Myer was introduced by his brother, Ed. John Robertson, Frank Henry and Alf Kennedy. Myer took his seat in the corner occupied by Jack Dempsey. Peter Maher and other lovers, and it is called the unlucky corner. The men, wearing only trunks, shoes and stockings, shook hands at 9:15 o'clock and then returned to their corners. At 9:23 o'clock time was called.

ROUND 1—McAuliffe looked pale. He led for the stomach twice and slipped and fell. Myer landed his



M'AULIFFE DODGES.

left lightly. Both were wary. McAuliffe led with his right and caught a severe counter on the nose. He tried and missed again. Myer backed him to his corner. A clinch in the middle of the ring followed, and Myer landed lightly with his right. The gong found both sparring. No advantage to either in this round.

ROUND 2—McAuliffe landed a heavy right and forced the fighting. McAuliffe feinted with his left and got in with the right. Myer countered with his right and they clinched. Myer got his right in on McAuliffe's body. McAuliffe landed his left on Myer's nose, and then, with a right-hand swing, scored him cleanly. Severe fighting followed. McAuliffe landed with his left again and staggered Myer as the round ended. It was all McAuliffe in this round.

ROUND 3—McAuliffe rushed again, was gamely met, and the men clinched. Myer received a wicked left. He attempted a return, but missed. McAuliffe landed and gave Myer a severe one. They clinched again and Myer hit McAuliffe several times while they were together. Both were slightly weakened, and sparred for wind. McAuliffe rushed again. Myer clinched and they broke again. Myer was freshening slightly. They were sparring as the round ended. Honors even in this round.

ROUND 4—McAuliffe feinted with his left and landed lightly with the right. Myer got in two clever ones on McAuliffe's head and staggered him. A clinch saved him from falling. McAuliffe landed with his right, and then, as McAuliffe slipped, Myer landed on the shoulder. McAuliffe missed a vicious swing, and, by clever ducking, escaped a wicked uppercut. He forced Myer to the ropes and knocked him down. Again he sent him to the ropes with a straight-hander on the forehead. The fighting was fast and furious.

ROUND 5—Both dodged a while and then McAuliffe stopped Myer by a right on the head. Myer recovered quickly and let out his left and right, but in harmless fashion. Myer landed his left on McAuliffe's stomach lightly. Both landed rights on each other's body, but without much force. A clinch followed. Just at the sound of the gong McAuliffe made a rush and landed his right on Myer's head.

ROUND 6—McAuliffe missed two left-handers and one right-hander for the head, but did land a hard left-hander in the face. Myer missed a left-hander, but touched him on the shoulder with the left. Both landed right-handers on the stomach and a clinch followed. Both men were tired, but McAuliffe got in a left-hander on the face and Myer returned a left on the chest. McAuliffe made another rush, but swung both hands wildly.

ROUND 7—The boys came out quite briskly. McAuliffe continued to lead, but missed three times. In a rally McAuliffe received a right-hander on the back of the head. A clinch followed, but McAuliffe jumped away out of it before any damage was done. Each got in a right-hander on the body and there was a hot rally. Each man landed left and right on the body. Then each missed a right-hander intended for the head. Myer then touched McAuliffe lightly on the stomach.

ROUND 8—McAuliffe again led his left on the breast, but easily. Myer fell short with left. McAuliffe got in a left-hander on breast, but Myer returned two heavy blows, one with either hand, on the breast. In another instant Myer got in a right-hander on Mc-

Elegant Photographs of John L. Sullivan and James Corbett, made in colored, cabinet size, 10 cents each. The best and cheapest photographs of the great pugilists on the 1st floor. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



Auliffe's ear, and in the clinch that followed McAuliffe went down. It was hardly a fair knock down for Myer, but the crowd was delighted to see McAuliffe on the floor.

ROUND 9—McAuliffe feinted with his left and caught Myer in the stomach with his right. He repeated this, and Myer began to show signs of grogginess. McAuliffe then knocked Myer down clean with a right-hander on the head, and did the same thing a moment later. Myer was groggy at the end of the round.

ROUND 10—Myer came up quite lively and dodged a left-hander. McAuliffe hit out both hands on Myer's breast. Myer returned both left and right lightly on the breast. In a rally both landed left and right. Myer tried to get in his valuable right, but failed. McAuliffe's good right touched Myer twice on the stomach, and Myer's returns were very weak. Myer missed three blows, which McAuliffe jumped away from.

ROUND 11—Myer was not so lively in coming to time, but made a rush with an effort. McAuliffe then



RUBBING MYER DOWN.

rushed and got in his left on the stomach and right on the head hard. In the clinch Myer's left found McAuliffe's head, but lightly. Myer was growing tired, but McAuliffe missed two blows intended for the head.

ROUND 12—McAuliffe complained of Myer's gloves. The referee examined them and pronounced them all right, and fighting was resumed. Myer landed with his right on McAuliffe's chest. He jumped back in time to avoid McAuliffe's left. Then McAuliffe rushed him and landed a left on his stomach. Myer was forced to the ropes again, but McAuliffe was wary, and did not seem anxious to get into too close quarters. Both men were breathing heavily and sparring for wind as the gong rang.

ROUND 13—McAuliffe landed two facers, left and right. Myer clinched and then landed lightly with his right on McAuliffe's body. McAuliffe missed with his right and staggered from the effort. McAuliffe got in a heavy left on Myer's neck. A rally followed, during which Myer landed two good ones on McAuliffe's head.

ROUND 14—Myer stepped quickly to the centre of the ring. He landed on McAuliffe's neck with his left, but got a right-hand swing on the jaw in return. Another rally followed. Myer was forced to the ropes again. They clinched again after the break and McAuliffe landed on Myer's chest, but in the rally McAuliffe got as good as he sent, and was glad to break for the centre of the ring. Clever sparring followed. McAuliffe tried with his right several times but Myer stopped him handily.

ROUND 15—Both men came up. Myer rather weak and wrothy. There was some terrific in-fighting, and both men landed heavily. McAuliffe led and landed heavily on the neck. Myer went down, and after getting on his feet again McAuliffe ran at his man and pounded him with left and right on the stomach and face. Myer went down and stayed for six seconds. He arose very groggy, and McAuliffe sailed into him again. Myer could make no defense, and McAuliffe, with left and right, smashed the Illinois chap on the jaw, and Myer went down for the last time. He tried to get up but his strength was gone, and he fell on the lower rope and then to the floor, a beaten man. The crowd gave a great yell as Referee Duffy gave the decision, and McAuliffe stood ready to shake his opponent's hand. Myer's seconds had to lift the Stretcher to his feet and take him to his corner. McAuliffe ran over to him and grasped the defeated man's hand.

Then the happy victor shook hands with everybody. On the whole, McAuliffe put up a great fight. He did almost all the leading from the start, but fought warily withal, as he was of the opinion that Myer's right hand was to be feared. Myer was clearly outclassed, and he had to depend altogether on his right, and McAuliffe had him too weak too early in the fight to permit him to get in with effect.

After the battle Dick Roche challenged any man in the world to fight McAuliffe at 133 pounds, weigh in at the ring side, for \$10,000 a side.



ONE FOR MYER.

After finishing the best part of two small bottles of champagne McAuliffe said:

"This is my last finish fight. I've had enough of it." Then he gracefully crossed the ring to where the beaten man sat and extended his hand.

Myer was so dazed he could hardly comprehend the

George Dixon and Jack Skelly. Elegant Cabinet Photographs of these two feather-weights. Price, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

situation, but he finally grasped the outstretched hand.

"You made a game fight, Billy," said McAuliffe, "and you deserve great credit for it."

Myer said nothing.

The light-weight champion returned to his corner and opened another bottle of champagne. So confident was he of victory that he had taken half a dozen pints into the ring with him with which to celebrate his success.

As he was wending his way towards his dressing-room he called to the reporter:

"I have something to tell you."

Upon reaching his apartment Jack said:

"Everybody, particularly some of my friends, have said repeatedly that I couldn't fight twenty rounds, that I would quit and that I was a pronounced top. That's all very well, but I want you to say this for me. I could have stopped in that ring all night."

"Couldn't I, Joe?" he added, turning to Choyanski.

"Yes, indeed," came the reply. "You were getting fresher every round."

"A great many people," continued McAuliffe, "will doubt my word when I say I could have licked Myer in three rounds, but that is an absolute fact. He didn't hurt me the least bit during the fight and couldn't possibly have licked me if we had stayed there a week."

"From time to time," concluded McAuliffe, "Myer has said some harsh things about me and I decided to make him pay for it. I think I have paid the score."

Jimmy Carroll, the light-weight, then came up and shook Jack warmly by the hand.

"Here's Carroll," McAuliffe went on to say. "You've heard that I would quit, and thought I would, too, out in 'Frisco, didn't you, Jim?"

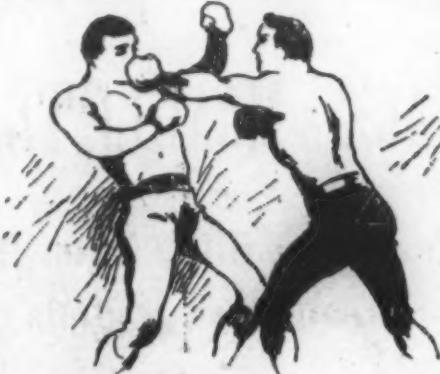
"Yes, I did, Jack," replied his old antagonist, "but I was perfectly satisfied of my mistake before we had fought five rounds."

Jack was soon hustled out of the building and driven to his rooms on Rampart street, where he took a bath and sallied forth to receive the congratulations of his friends.

Myer was very carefully guarded in his dressing room after his defeat. After the crowd of 7,000 people had dispersed he was driven to his quarters in Carrollton.

Ever since Billy Myer fought a draw with Jack McAuliffe in North Judson, Ind., Myer has time and

Williamsburgh, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1889, and the Britisher was knocked out in the ninth round. McAuliffe's next battle was with Billy Myer, for the "Police Gazette" championship belt and \$5,000, at North Judson, Ind., Feb. 13, 1890. Sixty-four rounds were fought in 4 hours 16 minutes, when the battle ended in a draw by

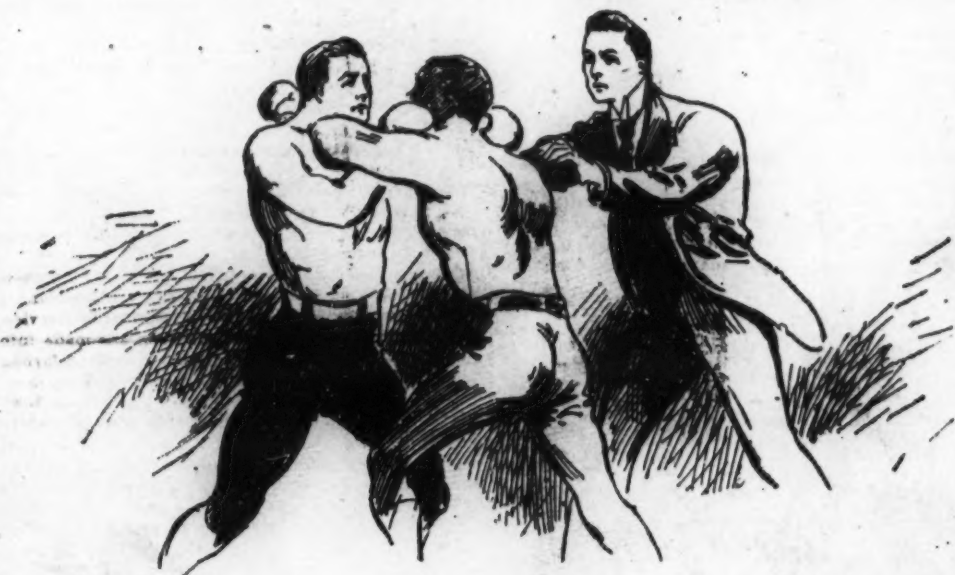


ALMOST A KNOCK-OUT.

the referee, Mike McDonald of Chicago, refusing to act in that capacity any longer. In 1889 McAuliffe fought Mike Daly of Bangor, 10 rounds, and the battle ended in a draw. On March 23, 1890, McAuliffe defeated Jimmy Carroll, at the California Athletic Club, for a purse of \$2,000, a bet of \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the light-weight championship of the world.

Carroll gradually wore himself out, and McAuliffe, who recovered rapidly from the 40th round, jumped up for the 47th round like a giant refreshed, with a determination to try and finish matters. He commenced by rushing Carroll all over the ring, and after some terrible slugging he feinted with his left, and then crossed his man with the right on the point of the jaw, knocking Carroll fairly out of time, amidst a scene of great excitement. Carroll was laid out flat on his back, and did not recover consciousness for some time. Thus ended one of the most stubborn contests ever decided at San Francisco.

Both were terribly punished. McAuliffe had both



"BREAK AWAY!"

again been eager to meet his old opponent, but the champion either gained more profitable matches or some hitch occurred to prevent a meeting. At the time Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons fought in 1891 at New Orleans, Myer and McAuliffe were matched and a deposit was posted with Bud Renaud, the President of the Merchants Club, in New Orleans. The match fell through owing to McAuliffe taking sick and there was a wrangle over the forfeit, which Myer claimed. After McAuliffe was ready he challenged Billy Myer to fight for \$5,000, but Myer declined to arrange any match until McAuliffe paid him the forfeit. In the meantime President Noel, of the Olympic Club, was eager to have McAuliffe and Myer fight in New Orleans, and he agreed to pay the money that Myer claimed he won by McAuliffe backing down in 1891 and the hitch in the match was settled. Myer and McAuliffe were then matched to fight for \$5,000 a side, and the Olympic Club agreed to put up a purse of \$10,000.

Myer went into training at Stretator, Ill., under Link Pope and his brother, Eddie. McAuliffe went into training in Maine under the mentorship of Jimmy Nelson and Matt Crowe. After spending a month in Maine the champion went to Bay St. Louis, where he trained up to the time of the fight.

#### McAuliffe's Record.

John McAuliffe was born in Cork, Ireland, March 24, 1866. He was brought to America young, and was reared in Bangor, Jack, it is stated, when quite young showed unmistakable signs of natural boxing ability. He first appeared in the arena as an amateur boxer July, 1883, and after numerous contests in the ring he got on a match with Jimmy Carney for \$2,500 a side. All the deposits were made by Carney's backers—\$2,500 in all—on Sept. 24. McAuliffe went wrong in his training after \$1,500 of his backer's money was up. The day for the battle had been agreed upon as Oct. 3. On Nov. 16 they met at Revere Beach, and after fighting 74 rounds the ring was broken in. The referee would not let the fight go on, and decided to have the battle finished at some other place. A few days later the referee sent word to the fighters that he would not act as referee again, and shortly after both men drew down their stakes. From that time until Sept. 27, 1888, McAuliffe did not enter the ring; on that day he fought a 10-round draw with Patay Kerrigan of Boston, at the Newmarket Club, for a \$200 purse. Oct. 10, 1888, he fought Billy Dacey of Greenpoint, with kid gloves, for a \$5,000 purse and the light-weight championship. The battle was fought at Dover, N. J., and McAuliffe knocked Dacey out in 11 rounds, lasting 42 minutes. In November he was presented with the light-weight championship belt at Clarendon Hall, New York. Dec. 17, 1889, he met Sam Collier, the veteran light-weight, in a 10-round glove contest at Brooklyn. Collier was put to sleep in the second round. Jake Hyams, an English light-weight with a big reputation, came to America and challenged McAuliffe. They met in a 10-round glove contest at

eyes nearly closed and his cheeks were puffed out tremendously. Carroll was not so much disfigured about the head, but was severely punished about the body.

The fight lasted 3 hours 6 minutes.

McAuliffe's record is as follows: Beat Bob Mace, 3 rounds, 7 minutes, July 1, 1884, at New York; beat Mike Leary, 4 rounds, 12 minutes, July 3, 1884, at New York; won Madden's feather-weight tournament for championship of America, Aug. 6, 1884, gold medal, defeating Patay Mace, 1 round, 3 minutes, New York; beat Billy Whitely, 1 round, 3 minutes, at New York; beat George Kilm, 4 rounds, 12 minutes, at New York; beat Jack Karcher, 17 rounds, 1 hour 8 minutes, Oct. 10, 1884, at Coney Island; won Gramercy Athletic Club tournament, Brooklyn, Dec. 27, 1884, defeating James Peterson, 3 rounds, 5 minutes, and silver pitcher; won Jack Dempsey's light-weight tournament, for championship of America, Feb. 19 and 20, 1885, New York, defeating Harry Isaacs, 4 rounds, 12 minutes, and Jack Reddy, 5 rounds, 14 minutes; beat Jack Ward, 3 rounds, 5 minutes, at Long Island; won King's County Athletic tournament by default; Feb. 24, 1885, New York, won gold watch; won New York Athletic Club tournament, for light-weight amateur championship of America, March 28, 1885, defeating John Ellingsworth, 3 rounds, 9 minutes; beat John Sperry, 3 rounds, 9 minutes, New York; forfeit from George Kilm, April 28, 1885; beat William Ellingsworth, 3 rounds, 9 minutes, New York; won Walter de Baum's light-weight tournament, April 5, 1885; beat John Sperry, 3 rounds, 9 minutes, New York; beat Harry White, 4 rounds, 12 minutes; beat Ed. Maguire, 2 rounds, 6 minutes; won the first amateur light-weight boxing belt in America, May, 1885; beat Harry White, 3 rounds, 7 minutes, May 11, 1885, New York City; next challenged Young Mitchell, of California, for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America, Mitchell refused; beat Joe Mitchell, 3 rounds, 4 minutes, July 25, 1885, in New Jersey; beat Billy Young, 4 rounds, 11 minutes, Washington, D. C., Nov. 17, 1885; beat Buck McKenna, 2 rounds, 5 minutes, Dec. 7, 1885, Philadelphia; beat Jack Hopper, 6 rounds, 18 minutes, Jan. 13, 1886, at New York; beat Jack Hopper, East New York, Feb. 27, 1886; beat Billy Frazier, 21 rounds, fought in a barn near Boston, Oct. 29, 1886; beat Harry Gilmore, 26 rounds, at Salem, Mass., Jan. 15, 1887.

McAuliffe's last battle was with Austin Gibbons for \$3,000 a side and a purse of \$4,000 offered by the Granite Club, of Hoboken, N. J., and the light-weight championship of America. McAuliffe won.

#### Myer's Record.

Billy Myer was born near Stretator, Ill., on Feb. 23, 1860, of German-Irish parents. He has lived with his parents in the city of Stretator, since he was ten years of age. He received a public school education. When he left school he became a carpenter. He

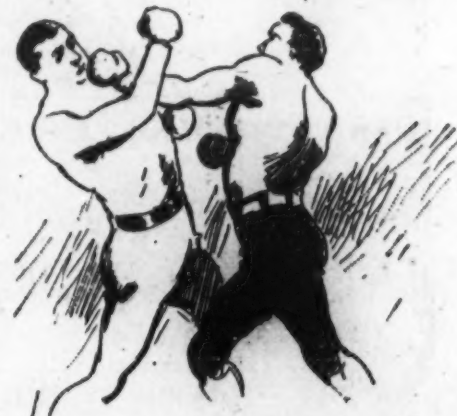
worked hard and conscientiously, and was regarded as an unusually apt apprentice. He did not evince any desire to become a boxer until he was upward of 20 years of age. He became proficient in the many art of self-defence, however, at an athletic club of which he was a member. His reputation as an amateur boxer began to spread and he received innumerable challenges. He accepted all offers and defeated all comers.

It was not until 1885, however, that he made his appearance as a professional pugilist. On Feb. 23, in that year, he met Paddy Welch and defeated him. Myer knocked Welch out in the first round. Welch was dissatisfied with the result and Myer met him a second time a year later and put him to sleep in the third round.

Myer's next battle was with Charley Daley, of St. Louis, the light-weight champion of the northwest. The battle was fought on Dec. 28, 1886, and Myer was declared the champion of the northwest at the end of the thirty second round. Myer also won a purse of \$1,000 on his battle with Daley.

Harry Gilmore, of Canada, was the next to face the Stretator Cyclone, the name by which Myer became known after his fight with Daley. The battle was for a purse of \$2,000, and took place on Oct. 19, 1887. Gilmore had had enough of Myer and his hitting powers at the end of the fifth round.

Gilmore attributed his defeat to accident. Another match was arranged with Myer for a similar purse,



McAULIFFE GETS IN A GOOD ONE.

and Gilmore was again knocked out, this time in 28 seconds.

Myer was then matched to fight Jack McAuliffe for the light-weight championship of the world and a \$5,000 purse. The battle took place on Feb. 13, 1890, and to the astonishment of the cognoscenti resulted in a draw after 64 rounds had been fought. Betting was largely in favor of McAuliffe, and he was looked upon as an easy winner.

Myer's showing in this battle put him in the first rank of men of his weight. Since his fight with McAuliffe, Myer has met and knocked out at least a dozen ambitious light-weights.

He defeated Jack Hopper in Alexandria, Va., was defeated by Andy Bowen, fought a draw with Andy Bowen and defeated Jimmy Carroll.

#### RICHARD E. FOX ABROAD.

Our old friend Richard E. Fox, the well-known New York publisher and sportsman, has re-visited Llandudno. Mr. Fox's publications have long since enjoyed a WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY; and perhaps there is no more devoted patron of legitimate sport than he. From the "Llandudno Advertiser" (North Wales).

#### FROM ENGLAND TO THE FIGHTS.

Parson Davies, Warren Lewis and Joe Choyanski arrived from England on the steamer City of Rome on Sept. 2. They started for New Orleans at once.

#### "THE TERRIBLE SWEDS" NEARLY KILLED.

Max Fenner, "The Terrible Swede," a local "Prison fighter," received terrible punishment in a battle with Billy Allen, a soldier from the Fresno garrison, and as a result Allen is in the jail to await the result of the Swede's injuries, the most serious being a concussion of the brain. The fight took place before the Phoenix Athletic Club, a saloon adjacent formerly known as the Pastime Club. It was a furious and unscientific battle. Allen is an amateur, but he proved quick, and hit like a pile driver. The Swede clinched to avoid punishment, when Allen snared his tactics and upper-cut him fearfully. In the fourth round the Swede fell helpless on the ropes, while Allen rained heavy blows



CLOSE FIGHTING.

on his head and neck. That ended the fight. It took half an hour to revive the Swede. A day or two ago he became ill and a concussion of the brain developed. His life now hangs in the balance. Fenner has bigger biceps and calves than John L., and measures three inches more around the chest, but he has no science, and men who tried to coach him declared he had no brains.

Tom Huston, the English 110-pound champion of England, who recently knocked George Strong out in London, wants to fight Geo. Wright in the Coney Island Athletic Club if the club will allow him \$50 for expenses. Wright is one of the best fighters in his class, and a contest between Huston and him would prove a drawing card with another contest. Wright has beaten Strong in one round, and in a second contest Strong got the verdict by a foul.

Gift of John L. Sullivan.—Handsomely Illustrated with Photographs and Engravings. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 10 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.





MLLE. GAEGER,

A FAMOUS PARISIAN BEAUTY, WHO HAS GAINED FAME AND WEALTH AS A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.





A LONG TRAMP FOR GLORY AND BOODLE.

ACTOR HOWARD AND HIS WIFE TRUNDLE A WHEELBARROW FROM SEATTLE TO CHICAGO AND WIN A BIG SUM.



WILD SCENE BEFORE JUDGE McGUIRE.

MRS. SMITH, MOTHER OF A VERPLANCE'S POINT, N. Y., GIRL WHO HAD BEEN ASSAULTED, ATTACKS THE ACCUSED WITH A CHAIR.



A CROSS CREEK, O., TRAGEDY.

JOHN SKINNER KILLS GEORGE FETNER AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDS MRS. FETNER AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF.



JUDGE KELLUM DIDN'T TIE THE KNOT.

THE ARRIVAL OF MRS. GREENICK AND HER REVOLVER PUTS A STOP TO HER DAUGHTER'S WEDDING IN NORTH BEACH, L. I.



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

What Awful Transgressors  
These Mortals Be.

NAUGHTY MARRIED WOMEN.

They Leave Their Unhappy  
Hubbies for Other Men.

THINGS THAT SHOCK SOCIETY.



**A**BRAM C. LUTKINS, a builder residing in Leffert's Park, New Utrecht, L. I., is unhappy. He declares that his pretty wife has eloped, taking \$500 of his money with her. The man Lutkins declares his wife has gone with a David Whitehead, of Van Pelt Manor, who leaves behind a wife and two children. Mrs. Lutkins is a strikingly handsome woman with light brown hair and blue eyes. She is twenty-eight years old and has a boy of eight years.

He is forty years old, has light hair and moustache, and blue eyes. Last Thursday he went to the Fort Hamilton Building and Loan Association, disposed of the mortgage on his house and sold his own share for about \$1,000.

Mr. Lutkins has just finished a cellar for a new house in West Brooklyn, and drew \$500 from the bank to purchase timber and pay wages. He left the money with his wife that morning when he went to work. Shortly after his departure Mrs. Lutkins, it is said, sent her boy out to play with a neighbor's children. She dressed herself in her best silk, took the \$500, and went out the back yard across the fields toward the railroad station. On his arrival home late in the afternoon Lutkins found his little boy crying for his mother. A neighbor who had witnessed Mrs. Lutkins's departure informed her husband.

He looked for his money and found it missing. Mrs. Lutkins had taken with her also every photograph of herself that she had ever had taken, so that her husband cannot place a likeness in the hands of detectives.

Mr. Lutkins, suspecting who had accompanied his wife, hurried to Whitehead's house and found that Whitehead had gone off the night before, leaving his



MADE LOVE TO MRS. LUTKINS.

wife and children without a cent. Subsequent investigations revealed the fact, it is said, that he had sold the very roof over their heads. Lutkins says he thinks the couple have gone to Baltimore. He will sue for a divorce.

Some two years ago Charles Ginter, residing near Union Mills, near Laporte, Ind., was killed by falling from a load of hay, leaving a widow, one daughter and two sons.

For about a year a farm laborer named Walter Bitter has been working in the neighborhood and borne an unsavory reputation. About midnight on Aug. 28, Bitter divested himself of nearly all his clothing and, breaking into the Widow Ginter's house, attacked her with the vilest of motives. In the struggle Mrs. Ginter's screams aroused her daughter, a pretty young lady, who was sleeping upstairs, and who immediately came to her mother's rescue. Leaving the old lady Bitter thereupon attacked Miss Ginter.

Both women fought valiantly to protect their honor, and in the melee the sons of Mrs. Ginter, aged fifteen and sixteen years respectively, arrived home from a visit to Laporte, and seeing their father fled, leaving his clothes on the porch. The plucky lads gave chase and ran the villain into a swamp, finally overtaking and overpowering him. Binding Bitter's legs and arms fast with binding twine and covering him with marsh hay to protect him, the boys left him in the

Third Edition of "Pauline's Caprice" now ready. Fox's Sensational Series No. 4, one of the spiciest and most sensational novels ever published. Unique colored illustrations. Translated from the French. Mailed to any address on receipt of 50 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

swamp, went to Union Mills, secured the assistance of Constable Johnson, and returning to where Bitter lay took him to Laporte for incarceration in the county jail. Mrs. Ginter and her daughter were severely handled in the fight and are prostrated.

The identification of a hat, a parasol and other para-



ATTEMPTED TO ASSAULT MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

phernalia found on the river bank at the foot of Utah street, St. Louis, Mo., on August 26, as belonging to Mrs. Rose Templin, of 3627 South Broadway, who has been missing from home, has terminated in a miserable family scandal.



A FATHER ASSAULTS HIS DAUGHTER.

to have committed suicide, called at the Four Courts and asked Chief Reedy if he would place under arrest his father, Joseph Templin, a carpenter, in the employ of Anheuser-Busch. As tears rolled down the cheeks of the young man he told Assistant Chief Reedy the following story:

"Now that my mother is dead I want my father arrested, as he is no person to care for my three sisters. He drove my mother to the mad-house and finally to suicide; debauched my oldest sister some years ago, and only three weeks ago attempted a brutal assault on my youngest sister, Bertha, who is only sixteen years of age. My mother was a good woman and endeavored to rear us children decently, but father was mean to her, and six years ago had her confined in the St. Louis Insane Asylum. While my mother suffered in duress vile my father continually debauched my oldest sister, Minnie, who was then only sixteen years of age, and he continued to debauch her until mother was released from the asylum. Now that mother has committed suicide he is going to ruin my second sister, Bertha, and I want to protect her and try to care for her myself."

Assistant Chief Reedy informed young Templin that he would have to bring his sisters to his office as witnesses before any definite steps could be taken or a warrant issued. At 12 o'clock Templin returned to the Four Courts, accompanied by his sisters, Minnie,

charging Templin with an attempt to ravish his own daughter.

Mrs. May Brinkerhoff, wife of Dr. Clarence Brinkerhoff, of Chicago, has left behind her a beautiful home and has gone to parts unknown in company with a gambler from the southeast, known as "St. Louis



Ted," but whose name is Edward Jamison and who is supposed to live in Atlanta.

Dr. Brinkerhoff is a very practical man and, instead of placing any confidence in the impression she attempted to leave behind, that she was going to commit suicide, has filed a bill for divorce, in which Charles H. Hillbert and "St. Louis Ted" are made co-respondents. A man named Baker is also mentioned in the bill as having enjoyed Mrs. Brinkerhoff's special regard.

When she left, Mrs. Brinkerhoff left the following note to her husband:

DEAR CLARENCE:—I am going away. Where, I do not know. You have broken my heart and it can never be mended. I have said nothing to the children. Only kissed them. Farewell, my beloved. I am weak and weary, and when you find me again it will be at a resting place. Take care of my little ones. And now, goodbye sweetheart. I am gone with all my love. Goodbye. Your wife, MARY.

Miss Minnie Baum, a prominent young lady of the South Side, Columbus, O., is mysteriously missing from the palatial home of her parents, on Beck street, and a sensation lies behind her disappearance.

About the 1st of June all the members of the Baum family except Miss Minnie went to Washington, D. C., to visit relatives. The young lady preferred to spend her vacation at Evansville, Ind., where she has a cousin. She returned from Evansville in July, and



MRS. BRINKERHOFF SKIPS.

has since been occupying the family residence alone, with the exception of a servant.

She took her meals at the house of a neighbor named Frank Snyder. It developed that while returning from Evansville Miss Baum met a traveling salesman



MINNIE HAD A GAY TIME.

Rosie, Bertha and Ida, all of whom corroborated the story as told by their brother to Assistant Chief Reedy. On account of Minnie refusing to make a statement in regard to her criminal relations with her father, a warrant was issued by Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Estep, on complaint of Bertha, sixteen years of age,

through a flirtation. The other day he visited her by appointment and remained at the Baum mansion for several days and nights. During the drummer's visit everything went at Miss Minnie's home. They ordered beer, wine and lunch from neighboring resorts, and had a high old time.

Finally Neighbor Snyder began to grow anxious for the young lady's welfare, and when he saw the drummer taking a stroll in front of the house he accosted him. Snyder asked the traveling man some rather pointed questions and the latter grew very wroth. He finally landed his right on Mr. Snyder's nose. Snyder is a powerfully built man, and soon had the gay drummer biting the dust. An hour later both the drummer and Miss Baum disappeared. They went up the street together, since which time nothing has been seen of them, and it is supposed they have eloped.

Mr. Snyder notified the police authorities, and several detectives are looking for the missing girl.

Em Dash

## PROGRESSIVE HAMMOCKING IS NOW THE RAGE

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The young people in one of St. Louis' (Mo.) prettiest suburbs are in a state of feverish excitement over a new game that has been devised by some of their number. It is called "progressive hammocking," and is so full of golden opportunities in a sentimental way that it is destined to become very popular with the youth of both sexes.

A bright young girl, to whom, with several others, is due the credit of having given this new diversion to the world, thus describes it:

"You see, each girl is provided with a hammock, in which she reclines, gracefully or ungracefully, according to the extent of her experience in hammocking, during the game. The hammocks are hung far enough apart so that no one can see or hear her neighbors, and above each is suspended a Chinese lantern with a number on it; but these, of course, will be blown out early in the proceedings. A chaperon is required—preferably two—a lady and a gentleman. To start the game the boys draw numbers from a hat, and then each hunts up the hammock which corresponds to the number drawn. At a given signal he begins to tell the girl in a love story. By the rules the story must be impersonal.

"But of course they won't be. That," she added, with a laugh, "is a matter that lies with the story teller and his conscience. Well at the end of fifteen minutes the chaperon beats a tom-tom and the boys move up one hammock, and each tells another story to a new listener. The stories, mind you, must all be different—that is, one cannot tell the same story to two girls."

"And they must all be love stories?" asked the reporter.

"Certainly. Oh, it's more fun. The boys out there are scouring the town for short love stories. De Maupassant is in great demand. But some of them draw on their own experience for material. Well, when the rounds have been made, and each of the six, say, has told six amorous tales to six tender maidens a secret ballot is taken, the girls voting for the best story teller and the boys for the best listener. That's where the real funny part comes in, for, of course, each girl will vote for the man she likes best, and vice versa; hence, the chaperon will become the sacred repository of one half dozen true love tales."

"What about the prizes?"

"There will be six first prizes on each side and no boobies," and the fair schemer laughed heartily at the success of her efforts to devise something new and startling in the way of summer amusement.

## WILD SCENE BEFORE JUDGE MCGUIRE

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Frank Stolba was arrested in Verplanck's Point, N. Y., the other day on a charge of assaulting ten-year-old Lavinia Smith. The girl says Stolba caught her on the outskirts of the town as she was driving her father's cows home from pasture, and in spite of her screams and struggles overpowered her. When arraigned before Justice McGuire the accused denied the charge. The frenzied mother of the child threw a chair at Stolba when he pleaded "not guilty." A mob of citizens tried to take him from the officers for the purpose of lynching him.

## A LONG TRAMP FOR GLORY AND BOODLE

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Actor John Howard and his wife arrived in Chicago, Ill., from Seattle, Wash. Howard and his wife walked the entire distance carrying their effects in a wheelbarrow, which the man pushed and the woman pulled with a harness. Mrs. Howard wore male attire during the trip. It was the result of a wager made by Peter Burns, proprietor of a Seattle theatre and a San Francisco man. Burns backed Howard. He won. Howard receives \$5,000.

## A CROSS CREEK, O., TRAGEDY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

John Skinner, a farm hand employed by George Fetner, of Cross Creek, O., recently shot and killed Fetner, and going upstairs shot Mrs. Fetner and her mother-in-law. Skinner then killed himself. The murderer had stood over the bed on which the two women were lying and emptied his revolver at them, neither being able to resist. They will probably both die. Skinner and Fetner had quarreled over money matters.

## DROVE NAILS IN HIS EAR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Ella Shingledecker, of Bourbon, Ind., recently tried to poison her husband with strychnine. She then drove eight-penny nails in his ear while he was asleep. Shingledecker is badly injured. His wife was arrested and held to await the result of his injuries.

## MILIE. GAEGER.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Our dramatic page this week is embellished with a portrait of Milie. Gaeger, the famous Parisian beauty and stage favorite.

Copies of all photos which appear in this journal can be procured at this office.

## MRS. BILLY MCCLAIN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Elsewhere we reproduce a portrait of Mrs. Billy McClain, the talented leading lady of the Whallen and Martell theatrical company. Mrs. McClain is the wife of Billy McClain, the famous minstrel and comedy genius.

Spicy and Sensational Fox's Sensational Series. No. 1—Baccarat. No. 2—Fate of a Libertine. No. 3—Her Love Her Ruin. No. 4—The Devil's Compact. No. 5—Pauline's Caprice. No. 6—A Guilty Love. No. 7—The Demi-Monde of Paris. All translations from the French and all copiously illustrated. Price, 50 cents each. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, in heavy wrappers. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



# GREAT FIGHTERS EXHIBIT.

The Public Has a Glimpse of Sullivan and Corbett.

BOTH SHOW UP WELL.

Sullivan Makes a Speech to His Brooklyn Admirers.

CORBETT BANGS THE BALL.

John L. Sullivan made his bow to about 4,000 spectators in the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 29. Sullivan had left his training quarters at the Canoe Place Inn, Good Ground, L. I., early in the afternoon, and on his arrival at the Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn, a tremendous crowd was present, and Sullivan met with a rousing reception. The champion was accompanied by Phil Casey, his trainer; Jack Ashton, Charley Johnston and Billy Morgan. Coaches were engaged, and the party drove to Phil Casey's, in



MRS. JAMES J. CORBETT.

Degraw street, where the champion spent the afternoon. Prior to Sullivan's departure for the Clermont Avenue Rink, where he was to box with Jack Ashton, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE called on the champion. Sullivan stated that he felt strong and was confident he would win. Said the champion:

"I see Richard K. Fox is in Europe. I am sorry he will not be at the fight and see me win the 'Police Gazette' championship belt again. I will win quickly if Corbett will fight."

"This fellow won't fight at first," Sullivan continued. "I know he won't, but that will not make any difference. I am told that he has been devoting much of his time to practicing 'getting away.' That won't do him any good. He cannot keep away from me, and I know it. Corbett is a nice young fellow, I guess, but, on the level, I think this job's the easiest one I ever had. I do, really. Do I think it will be a long fight? I do not. Maybe it won't last two rounds, but there will be plenty of fighting if it only lasts a minute."

"Do you intend to follow Corbett if he should endeavor to make it a sprinting contest?" was asked.

"I'll get to him," Sullivan answered, "and I'll get there good and strong. He can run or do whatever he likes."

At 10 p. m. Sullivan made his appearance in the Clermont Rink amid loud cheers. A large floral horseshoe was then hoisted in the ring. It had been made on purpose for the champion by John J. Foley, the famous artist of No. 256 Bowerly, New York, and was a present from the latter. It was a beautiful design and was covered with national emblems of good luck.

Sullivan was naked to the waist. He wore knee breeches, green-colored stockings and black shoes. While the untinkling and the enthusiastic were cheering themselves hoarse the flat cornucopia were scanning Sullivan as critically as though he were some rare plant. His head, face and neck satisfied the most exacting. He was as brown as a berry, and his face looked as hard as though made of bronze. His back is superbly developed, and the great bosses of muscle which back his shoulder blades stood out in massive grandeur. No man of modern times has a finer back than Sullivan. Presently he turned around, and the spectators had a chance to see that, despite glowing stories that have been sent from Good Ground, there was superfluous flesh on the great boxer's breasts, and that there was just an indication of the aldermanic on his abdomen. His legs looked good, and he showed no limp or sign of sore feet in his movements.

Before the cheers had half spent their force Charley Johnston hoisted an immense floral harp into the ring and presented it to Sullivan. Then there was a fresh outburst of cheering, which was not lessened a bit when Mr. Johnston held up a fancy horseshoe, which he explained had been picked up at Good Ground and which was regarded as an evidence of good luck.

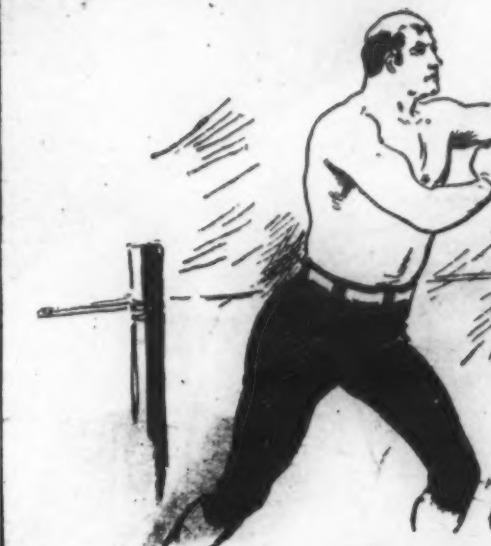
The cheers continued. Sullivan acknowledged them by gracious bows. Finally, standing in the middle of the ring, Sullivan raised his right hand, and, with something like barbaric grace, he hushed the noise. He said:

"I thank you one and all for your hearty applause and the kindly appreciation, which is shown by your

Be sure you read it! "The Devil's Compact," Fox's Sensational Series, is having an enormous sale, and no wonder, as it is the hottest novel of the day. One of Zola's best. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Richard E. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

large numbers here to-night. [Tremendous cheers, lasting two minutes.]

"Welcome to my appearance to-night I will only say that, for all that, I have been waiting for my meeting with Jim Corbett, and a week from next Wednesday night will decide whether I am John L. Sullivan of old or John L. Sullivan to be passed by."



BROOKLYNITES SEE SULLIVAN BOX.

[More cheers and a cry of "You'll never be passed by!"]

"Well, gentlemen, I am not going to speak disparagingly of Mr. Corbett or anybody else. I disappointed you once in Brooklyn, but your smiling and numerous faces here to-night show that I have been forgiven. Well, let bygones be bygones. This is the last speech you'll hear from me until the seventh of next month."

This speech was very well delivered, and at its conclusion Sullivan bowed again his thanks for the cheers which greeted it, and, standing in his corner, drew on his boxing gloves. There were cries for Casey, and Casey was dragged into the ring and introduced. He was called on for a speech, but he modestly slipped through the ropes back to the floor, while Charley Johnston kidded him.

Then Jimmy Wakely was brought into the ring and he and Johnston were introduced—the men who were backing Sullivan. They were cheered, and then Jack Ashton, who amid all the hubbub had been sitting quietly on his chair, was introduced.

After the ring was cleared, time was called, and Sullivan and Ashton sparred three short rounds. They were very lively ones, and Sullivan showed up in tip-top style. He hit left and right with great force and showed a good deal of his oldtime speed. None of the rounds lasted more than a minute. Ashton looked as though he was glad they were over.

Corbett at the Madison Square Garden.

At Madison Square Garden, New York, on August 29, Jim Corbett gave an exhibition prior to his departure for New Orleans. During the afternoon and evening over 6,000 spectators paid to catch a glimpse of the young gladiator.

Mrs. Corbett, the pretty wife of the pugilist, and several other ladies were in attendance.

Corbett tossed the "medicine ball," weighing eight

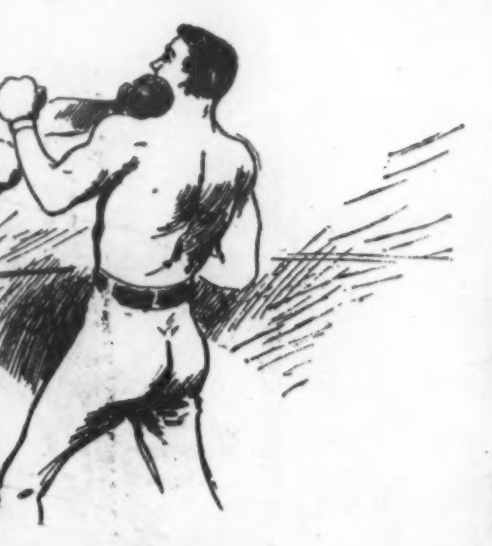


SULLIVAN MAKES A SPEECH.

pounds, to Daly and McVey and then gave an exhibition of pushing, hauling and neck-squeezing with the latter. McVey weighs 230 pounds and is a very strong man and a fair wrestler, but Corbett had all the best

of him. Both men worked until their bodies glistened with perspiration.

After a ten minutes' intermission Corbett and John Lawler, the Irish handball champion, played a game of handball in the temporary court in the east side of the room. Lawler is short and stout, and is almost as hairy as was Esau. He is a very expert player, and he



soon showed he could outplay Jim. The latter gave him a hard fusillade, however, and he delighted the spectators time and again by his wonderful agility, and he was rewarded by frequent bursts of applause. The game was won by Lawler by a score of 21 to 14. Then



CORBETT SPRINTING.

Lawler defeated Jim Daly quite handily, Corbett being their judge.

A 24-foot ring stood in the centre of the floor, and on it was a wooden platform about ten feet high, from which was hung a leather fighting ball. Corbett fought this for twenty minutes in a manner that drew out frequent bursts of applause. He astounded the spectators, not only by the rapidity of his blows, but also by their force. His right-handers were terrific, and an old sport said: "Why, they said this young fellow couldn't hit hard. If he ever hits Sullivan that hard he'll settle him."

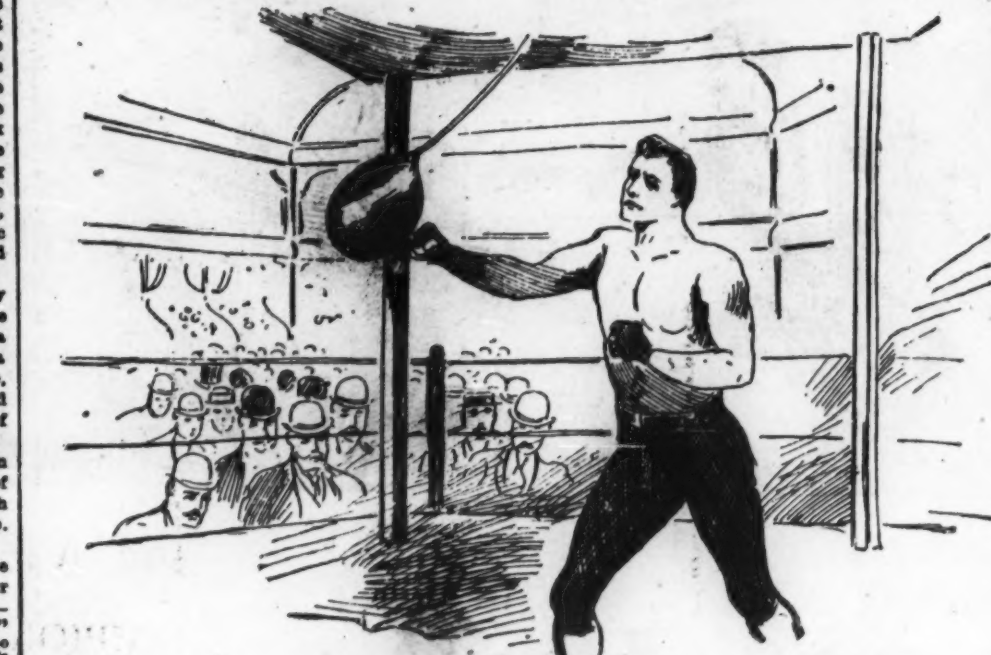
Al Smith, who was formerly Sullivan's manager, observed, "I have seen them all at the bag, but I never saw any man make such a splendid exhibition as Corbett has."

After a short rest Corbett ran around the track for nearly ten minutes. He was presented with a large floral horseshoe adorned by American flags. It bore the legend, "James Corbett, the coming champion."

In the evening the Garden was comfortably populated, there being fully 3,500 people present. It was a noisy and enthusiastic assemblage and it applauded whenever an occasion presented. It was surprising to see the number of ladies present, for they numbered nearly 800.

A number of bouts were given as appetizers, the most interesting being those between Frank Craig, the Harlem "Coffee Cooler," and C. C. Smith, the "Washington Thunderbolt." This bout was purely scientific, and drew forth much applause.

Corbett was introduced, and the reception which was given him was an extremely enthusiastic one and lasted several minutes. In the first bout he sparred with John McVey. The Californian was all over Mc-



CORBETT PUNCHING THE BAG.

Vey at once, and the clever manner in which he ducked and got away excited the admiration of the throng.

The final set-to was between Corbett and Jim Daly, and was a pretty one in every way. He had Daly's nose bleeding, and had him very tired at the end of the third round, and the bout closed rather abruptly.

No match was arranged between Dominick McGaffrey and Jim Corbett. The rival gladiators met at Madison Square Garden, on August 29, but failed to come to any understanding.

## REVOLVERS USED AS BLUDGEONS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four burglars recently raided Charles Drumbooskie's home in Shamokin, Pa., almost killing him and his wife and securing a bag of money amounting to \$500. Joseph Gabriel, a neighbor, in going to the rescue was shot in the breast by a lookout and will probably die. Gabriel returned from a mine at 1 A. M. His home adjoins Drumbooskie's. He went to bed and had just closed his eyes when a cry for help caused him to rush into the rear yard. A second appeal convinced him that burglars were in Drumbooskie's house. As he was breaking in the door a masked man from under an arbor close by fired four times at him, one bullet entering his breast. Drumbooskie and his wife were beaten over the head by the desperadoes who used their revolvers as bludgeons. They then threw the Drumbooskies on the bed and placed a mattress over them. A heavy table was thrown on top of the mattress. Drumbooskie heard the burglars making hurriedly from room to room hunting for valuables, and finally he became unconscious.

## JUDGE KELLUN DIDN'T TIE THE KNOT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Pauline Greenick, a fascinating young Jewess, who gave her address as No. 171 Suffolk street, New York city, and Joseph Ziegler, of Philadelphia, a clerk in Wanamaker's, called on Justice Kellun at his house in North Beach, L. I., late the other night and asked to be married. Although it was late the Justice said he would accommodate them, and all went to his court.

When he was about to tie the knot, however, Miss Greenick's mother appeared, and, drawing a revolver, said she would never allow it to be. She was keeping her daughter, she said, for one of the Polish nobility, and a clerk in Wanamaker's didn't amount to a row of pins. Justice Kellun advised the young couple to go somewhere else.

## WIPED EACH OTHER OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Maurice Miller and Bob and John Carter were killed the other night at Allen Brothers' mill, near Houghton, La., in a fight at a dance.

Miller was on the floor with Ida Pilkinton, when Bob Carter came up and said: "This is our set." Ida said "No," and Bob said "You are a liar," whereupon Miller knocked him down. Then John fired three shots at Miller, all taking effect. Miller seized John; then Bob cut Miller in the back. Miller drew his knife and went to work on Bob.

The fight lasted about five minutes, at the end of which Bob and John Carter were both dead. Miller died a few hours later. There were twenty-four knife wounds and three bullet wounds in his body.

## HER LAST ASCENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Gertie Carmo, the daring female aeronaut, was recently killed at Detroit, Mich. It was almost dark and a strong wind was blowing when the balloon arose with Miss Carmo hanging to the trapeze bar. Before the immense bag could clear the Exposition building it struck a projection of the high tower and hurled Miss Carmo to the ground. Falling a distance of 80 feet, her death was instantaneous. Very few people saw the aeronaut fall, as the Exposition building was between them and the object of their view.

Examinations showed that the woman's skull, right thigh and left arm were fractured. Her skull at the base was broken completely from one side to the other.

## TORTURED BY REGULATORS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One night recently Mrs. Raphael, a white woman of questionable character, living in the suburbs of New Iberia, La., who was at one time the wife of a respectable citizen of that place, was taken from her house, stripped of her clothing and brutally whipped by four white men. The following morning affidavits were sworn out against Chief of Police Chas. Lewis Meques, Jack Davis and Poland Fontellen. The act is universally condemned, and the guilty will be severely punished. The evidence against the parties named, who are under arrest, is circumstantial, and a thorough investigation will be made of the affair.

## SHE LANDED HER PRIZE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A well-dressed stranger, who says he is William Chadwick, of New York, was recently arrested in Troy, N. Y., for burglary at the residence of M. Sinshelmer. Chadwick entered the house when no one was at home, and ransacked several rooms. Mr. Sinshelmer's daughter, Mrs. Shattuck, returned while the stranger was in the house. He attempted to escape by passing Mrs. Shattuck, but she seized him by the coat, and, though he resisted and struck her, held him until the police were summoned.

Jewelry and \$15 in money are missing.

## GENTLY SWINGING TIME AWAY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the favorite amusements of the girls and boys at Richfield Springs, N. Y., is swinging, or, as they term it, "cupping." Our artist depicts the game as played on another page.

Swing, swing,  
Enchanting swing.  
The boys are out  
And the girls are in.

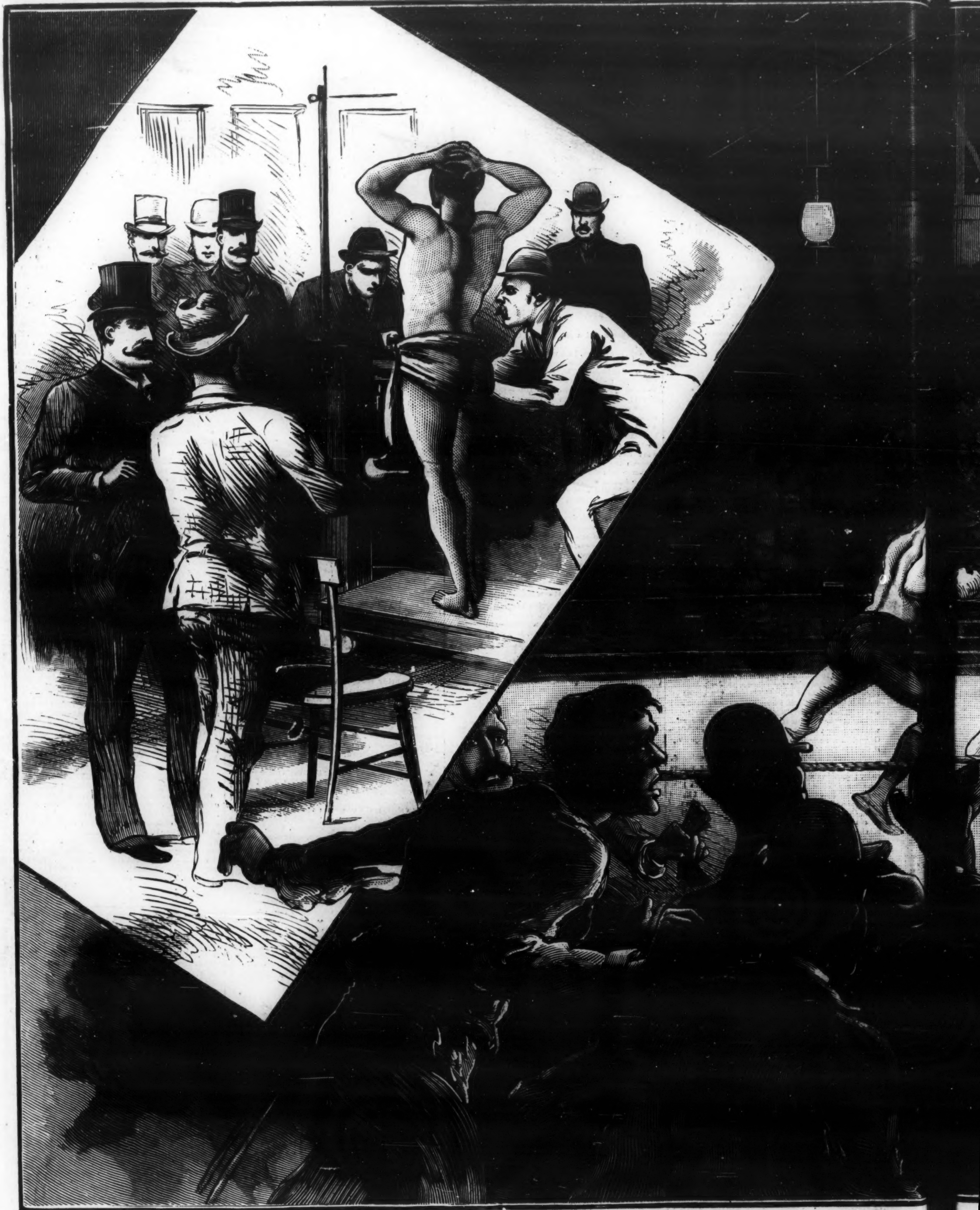
## LOVED HIS HOST'S WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles Behrens, of Middletown, O., paid a visit the other evening on James Raney. Raney went out for beer but came back sooner than was expected, and caught his wife and Behrens in a compromising position. The husband jumped for Behrens with a knife in his hand and attempted to stab him. The latter, in attempting to gain possession of the weapon was badly cut in the hand. A warrant was issued against both parties and a divorce is looked for.

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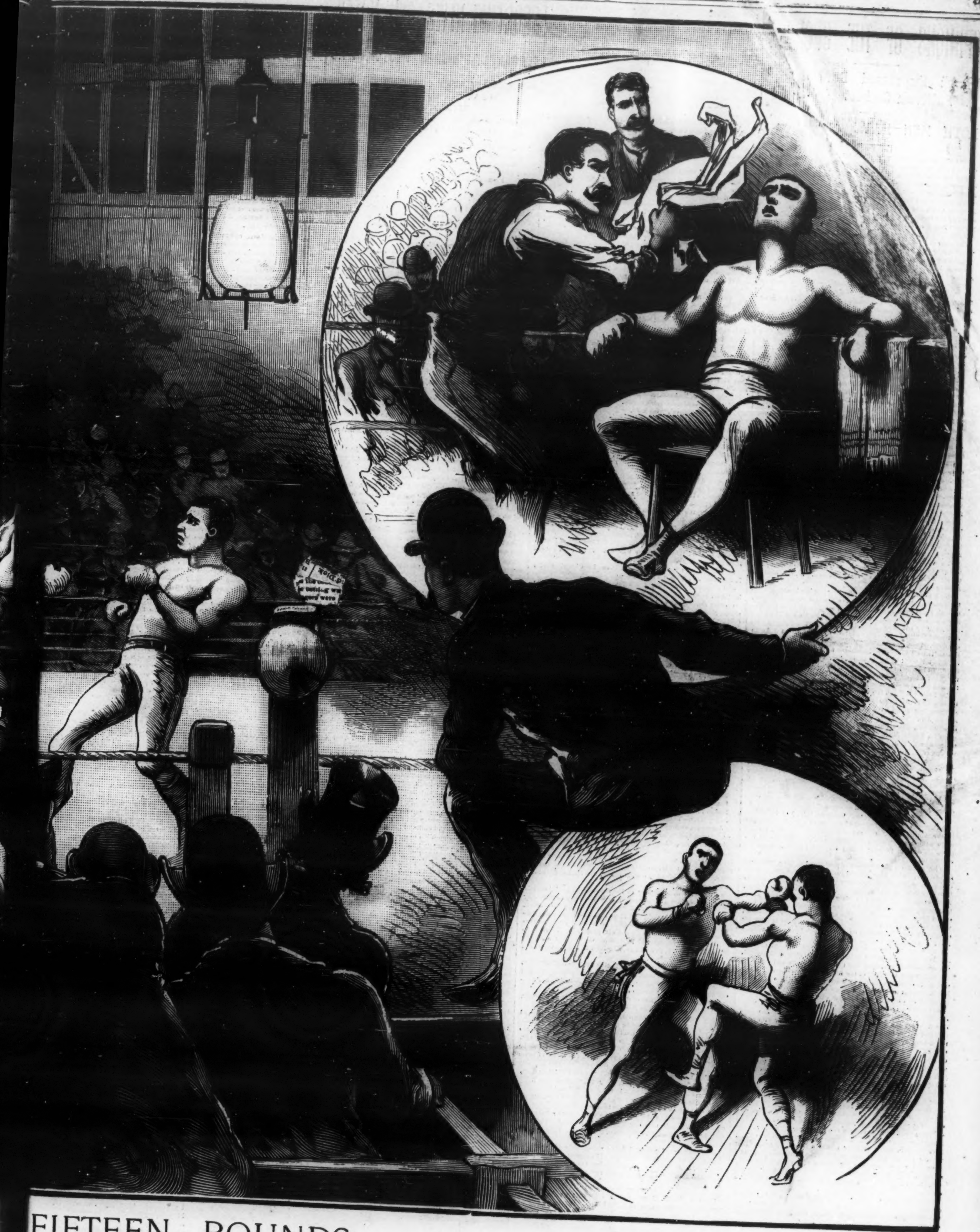


## M'AULIFFE WINS

THE GREAT BATTLE FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND \$20,000 BETWEEN

[FROM SKETCHES BY "P. ZET"]





## FIFTEEN ROUNDS.

JACK MAULIFFE AND BILLY MYER, IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, NEW ORLEANS, SEPT. 5  
[GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTISTS.]



# OPINIONS OF THE SPORTS.

Views Expressed Before the  
Sullivan-Corbett Fight

BOTH MEN HAVE ADMIRERS.

Naturally sporting men were divided in regard to the result of the battle between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett. Before leaving their homes for the scene of the conflict many expressed their opinions to the *Police Gazette*.

Probably no person in the land is more interested in the man who Sullivan and Corbett with keen interest from actual experience is in a stood up before both of them, but their skill and prowess—Jake position to say something at Kilrain.

The other day he gave an opinion on the two fighters with considerable freedom and an impartiality and absence of prejudice remarkable. When it is considered that he has been involved in bitter controversies with both men, and feels that he has suffered great injustice at the hands of one of them, he has suffered a great deal.

"Who do you think will win?" "Well, if I lose, I know Corbett is a keen, shifty fellow, and Sullivan can never boxer, but I shall never believe he is a fighter until I see him lick somebody."

"My part I want to see Sullivan win this fight. I think he deserves well of the people. He is a square, honest fighter, and a man who has always stood up and met everybody. He has upheld the honor of the American people against all comers, and I think they should have a sort of pride in him. I know John's manners are not so pleasing as Corbett's, and yet newspaper men have helped to give him somewhat of a tough reputation. But that is mostly his way, and then, too, the crowd he has had around him has hurt him. When you get through his gruffness, John L. is a big hearted fellow, and I had rather like to him than Jim Corbett with all his blarney and nice ways."

"In a light boxing set-to for points Corbett, with his long reach, must have some advantage over Sullivan. He could reach and get away, but his blows wouldn't amount to anything. He might give a man a black eye or something like that, but he couldn't knock him out."

"Take it now right on dead form. You remember the night Corbett boxed three men in New York, winding up with Lannan. Joe was keeping a saloon in Boston, and was in no shape for a fight. He just came over to accommodate Corbett. When in condition he weighs about 180 pounds, but that night he weighed 230 pounds. Corbett was in the pink of condition, and finding Joe off, started in to do him up. But he couldn't do it. Try as hard as he would he couldn't stop him. Now, when Lannan was in the best of shape George Godfrey stopped him in four rounds. That doesn't look as if Corbett was a wonder. Corbett is scientific, to be sure, but in Sullivan he will find a man who knows just as much about the game as he does."

"I don't believe Jim will stand much punishment. If he gets one or two of Sullivan's stiff punches his science will leave him. Corbett's hands are liable to go back on him. He hits with his hand open."

"Now, as to Sullivan. In the first place he is a heavy, powerful man, very light on his feet. He is a good two-handed fighter, with an extra good right. Sullivan's weight and strength give him a great advantage. If a man meets him he will drive him back, and by the time he is settled Sullivan is on top of him and pounds him down. That is the way he wore me down in our fight. That was all nonsense about his hitting me over the heart. If he had done so I could not have stood it. That story arose in this way: While I was training, Mitchell, in rubbing me down, had chafed my side, leaving a red spot. In the fight my rights slipped down and showed the spot, and everybody thought that it was occasioned by Sullivan's blows."

"Do I think Sullivan is game and will stand punishment? I believe he is as game as a pebble. I know I hit him some punches that would have knocked out a dozen ordinary men. He didn't mind them at all. He is so big and strong a blow doesn't affect him. I was in the ring with him in France when he fought Mitchell. The Englishman's blows he didn't notice at all. The only thing that used him up was the rain, which gave him a chill."

"Corbett's reach is so long that Sullivan will have to do a good deal of in-fighting to beat him. I hear that the referee is opposed to in-fighting, and that may work against Sullivan. I hope John L. will be well seconded. A good deal depends on that. A good second can soon detect the weak points of his opponent and tell his man how to go at them. In any sort of fair condition, I expect to see Sullivan win easy."

CHICAGO, ILL., Aug. 26, 1902.

EDITOR *POLICE GAZETTE*.—As I have been a boxing instructor in the Antipodes for a good many years and naturally think I know a thing or two about the big fighters, I would like to express an opinion in your widely circulated journal about the coming big mill at New Orleans.

In my opinion a new school of pugilism has been gradually superseding the old for several years back, and it seems to me that these later methods give pure science, a stronger leverage than ever over natural strength. It has been only a few years back when Sullivan was in his glory as a quick knock-out, that no one could be found with science enough to in any way offset his terrible slugging. The science at that time was all with the little men, the middle and heavy-weights relying for success in the ring mostly on their capacity of taking punishment, and giving as good or better than they received.

Very recently, however, some of the big men, as Corbett, Jackson, Fitzsimmons and Hall, have gained such a mastery of the art that they can duck and dodge, and go in and out with the agility and accuracy of the finished feather-weight. When a man of Corbett's weight and reach can throw in a lightning left lead and at the same time dodge his opponent's counter, it looks bad for the slugging, no matter who he is.

Men who understand the art know that, after a certain point is reached, the harder a man hits the slower he is. The hard smash which the slugging school do is done either with a full or a half swing, usually with the right hand. In the full swing the fist must travel about twice the straight line distance, while the half swing requires about a third more distance to reach its destination. Even where a tremendous blow is driven in straight from near guard position, the body and arm must be jerked back further to get the momentum, which always warns the opposite man to get ready with his stop or counter.

Hence, the finished boxer of the newer school aim to deliver their blows as near as possible from position, and if they land, the faints are very slight and rapid.

I saw the wonderful "no contest" draw between Jackson and Corbett at the California Athletic Club, and for pure science and endurance and equality of men like never happened before in the history of pugilism. The man was never born who could have stood in either of their tracks a single hour that night without defeat. I have also seen Sullivan fight and spar, but I have never seen him use any tactics which mark the really scientific fighter; and if there is anything in artistic hitting over the dullness of the slugging, Corbett should win as he chooses.

Even if Sullivan were as young as Corbett and in the best condition possible, his style of fighting is wrong and can never win over pure science when opposed to him by as big a man as Corbett. The more Sullivan rushes the quicker he will whip himself.

JOSEPH DOMOVAN.

In Toronto John F. Scholtes, Edwin Hanlan, Wm. O'Connor and John Rogers, the leading sporting men of that city, are backing Sullivan. In Chicago, like New York, opinions are divided as to the result.

The following are the opinions of sporting men in New York and Brooklyn:

James E. Patterson—Sullivan outclasses all the prize fighters, and he should win.

John Quinn, of Harlem, the well-known horseman—Why I tell you Sullivan will win sure.

Gabe Case, who backed Jim Mace to fight Ned O'Balwin, the Irish Giant—Sullivan has never been beaten. He has beaten more experienced men than Corbett, and if he is trained and fit to fight there is no question but what he will win.

John Daley, the well-known bookmaker—I am taking a flyer on Corbett.

Billy Reid, the backer of Johnny Reagan—I have seen Corbett, and I am betting \$1,500 on his chances of winning.

Matt Clune—Sullivan has never been beaten, and I am sure he will defeat Corbett. I am backing him.

George Graham, well known in turf circles—Corbett will give Sullivan a bigger surprise than Charley Mitchell did in France.

Rhody Brassel, the well-known Fourth ward sport—I am going to bet on Sullivan.

Dick Roche—If Sullivan is in condition and able to stand a long, bruising fight, he will win.

Joe Dalrymple, the bookmaker who bets on every fight—I am backing Sullivan on what he has done.

Jack Shipsey—I am for Sullivan, and do not think he will lose.

Jim McCabe—I should like to see Jim Corbett win, but I am not betting on the fight. Sullivan will have to fight to defeat Corbett.

Wm. H. Gammon—I think Sullivan will win.

John Calvin Baker, the bookmaker—I am backing Sullivan.

Barney Aaron—Sullivan should win if he is himself.

James E. Kelly, the well-known bookmaker—Corbett is going to give Sullivan a close call, but I think Sullivan will win.

Al Adams—Sullivan will win or I shall lose \$2,500.

Thomas Mulcahy, bookmaker—Sullivan will knock Corbett out. Why? He is a gladiator compared to Corbett. Look at his record.

Al Storms, of Leggett's Hotel—Sullivan has the best record and should win. Corbett will, no doubt, make a first-class showing.

Commissioner Brennan—Sullivan has never yet been beaten, and I do not think Corbett has the punching ability or the stamina to defeat Sullivan.

Harry Hill—I think Corbett will give Sullivan a good fight. He is taller and younger than Sullivan.

Dan Moore—I am backing Corbett.

Mike Goodman, bookmaker—I am backing Corbett.

Harry Miner—I am not betting on either. I think the fight will be very close.

Wm. F. Howe, the famous criminal lawyer—I have seen both men and think with Sullivan's wonderful hitting powers he should win.

Jimmy Adams, bookmaker—I am betting on Sullivan.

Paddy Lyons—Sullivan is my choice.

Frank Duffy—Sullivan is my man.

Thomas Brady—John L. will win.

Patrick Larkins—Corbett will surprise the betting men, for Sullivan has been too long in the ring.

Bill Blake, bookmaker—I'm betting on Sullivan.

Con McAuliffe—I am backing my brother Jack and Sullivan.

Ed. Riley—Sullivan will win. Corbett is not made of the right material.

Fat McConnell—Sullivan has the stakes and purse already won, in my opinion.

Fat Shedy—If Sullivan is the same John L. he was when I managed him he should win.

Phil Dwyer, the well-known turfman—Corbett is my selection.

Jimmy Rowe, the famous starter—I cannot see how Sullivan can lose, if he fights up to his old form.

Byron Cross, the well-known turfman and boniface of Eighth avenue, N. Y.—I think Sullivan will win. If he loses he will have no one but himself to blame.

Billy Lakeland, the well-known turfman—I am backing John L. Sullivan, and think he should win.

Jim Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J.—Sullivan appears to be the best man to back.

Charley Norton, the well-known pugilist and boniface of Plane street, Newark, N. J.—I think the fight will be a desperate one. Corbett is quite a little fellow. He has youth and height on his side, and if he is the boxer his friends claim he may tire Sullivan out.

Thomas Burns—I am backing Corbett. Just took a long shot because I think Sullivan is stale.

Police Justice Newton, of Gravesend—Sullivan should win on form, unless Corbett is a wonder.

Arthur Chambers—I cannot pick the winner. It will be a great fight, if Sullivan has not gone stale.

Fatsey Lawlor—I am backing Sullivan.

Dave Ganley, of Jersey City—I have backed Sullivan and he should defeat Corbett.

Sporting men in Buffalo, N. Y., are solid for Sullivan.

Paddy Lyons says Sullivan should win.

Alderman John Davey—I am backing Sullivan and think he will win sure.

Harry Gerstel—I am a Sullivan man.

Julius O'Brien—Sullivan is my favorite. I shall still have to stand by the old Roman.

Robert Hughes—I am backing Sullivan.

Thomas Brady—Sullivan will win. I have backed him.

Dean Wilson—Sullivan is my choice.

Dennis Hennessy—I have backed Sullivan.

In San Francisco the opinions of sporting men are divided.

Paddy Ryan—Yes, Corbett will land on Sullivan, but he can't hit John hard enough to bother him, and Sullivan only wants one crack at Pompadour Jim and that will settle it.

Eddie Greaney, champion amateur light-weight of the coast—Corbett has a good chance to win. He is even cleverer than Charley Mitchell, whom Sullivan failed to whip, and has a longer reach. He can't hit like Sullivan, but he can duck and get away. He is not afraid of the big fellow, who has usually scared his opponent half to death.

Walter Watson, instructor at the Olympic Club—I honestly believe Corbett has a good chance to win. He is undoubtedly the cleverest big man alive. If Sullivan does not whip Corbett in eight rounds, he never will. After that stage the worst Corbett can get is a draw. Sullivan is a wonderful punishment taker, but is not as good as he was six years ago. There is no doubt but that Sullivan will rush him. Corbett has a strong enough left, I think, to stop him, and John L. will get very tired jailing up against it.

John Dougherty, founder of the Pacific Athletic Club—Corbett is a wonderfully clever man, but his hands are not likely to stand the racket. I think superior science in this match will net prevail against Sullivan's terrific onslaughts.

Michael Sullivan, referee of the Pacific Club and an old boxer, spoke in the same strain as Dougherty.

Bill Curtis, the well-known baseball scribe and all around sport, thinks Sullivan will not be able to hit Corbett in a week.

President Hiram Cook, of the California Club—Sullivan is too powerful for Corbett, whether he is in first-class trim or not. John L. won't race round worth a cent, and I would not be surprised to see a poor fight and the affair end in a row of some sort.

Ed Fay, the crack shot and ex-director of the California Club, thinks Sullivan's Waterloo will come on the night of Sept. 7.

"Corbett is the cleverest man in the country," said Fay.

More Ganst has shifted around to the Sullivan side, but declares that the battle will last over twelve rounds.

"If the referee has the power," he said, "after a long walk around to make the men mix it up, it will be all day with Corbett, for he will hardly be capable of clinching and holding Sullivan off."

John Ferguson, for several years a California Club director, thinks it is a question of condition. If Sullivan is in shape, he will win, otherwise Corbett will prove the victor. "My best wishes go with the Californian, but my money will go against him."

Captain G. H. Fowler, the champion rifle and revolver shot of Europe, writes to the *POLICE GAZETTE* that he will arrange a match with Prof. John Loris, the American champion, if he will send a deposit and articles of agreement to the *Sporting Life*, London. Or he will arrange a home-and-home match for £200 a side and the championship of the world, the first to be decided in London, England, and the second in New York, each party to defray their own expenses. Either the *Sporting Life*, London, or Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

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## SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

### ELEGANTLY-FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS

OF  
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McAULIFFE AND MYER,  
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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

While Morello, the 1892 Futurity winner, was bought for \$100, Lady Violet, who ran second, cost \$30,000.

Duncan C. Ross, the American all-round athlete, is now in Alexandria, Egypt, and has made quite a sensation by his broadsword feats.

On Aug. 27 George Siddons, the feather-weight, matched to fight Billy Smith, of Los Angeles, started from Boston for San Francisco.

George Bubar has challenged Wm. East to row over the Thames or Tyne championship courses, for £200 a side and the championship of England.

Hal Pointer and Direct met again at Columbus for a \$5,000 purse on Aug. 25, and paced a dead heat in the fifth of the race. Hal Pointer won the sixth heat in 2:11 1/4.

If Jay-Rye-See keeps on, the famous trotter, now pacer, will beat the record. At Independence he paced against his pacer mark, 2:05 1/4, and made the mile in 2:04 1/4.

P. J. Berio, the crack cyclist, rode two miles on Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Aug. 24, in 4:43 3/4, breaking the world's record of 4:45 1/4, made by Taylor last fall.

Peter Jackson will remain in England for six weeks more, when he too, will leave for the United States. He says that while he will issue no challenges, he stands ready to fight any man in the world.

A new sprinter is rapidly coming to the front in the person of C. C. Hutchins of Springfield, Mass., who succeeded on August 26 in breaking the amateur record of America in a 50-yard dash, making it in 5-2-5 seconds.

E. H. Garrison, who rode Lady Violet in the Futurity, says: "If the track had been fast Lady Violet would no doubt have won, but she did not like the going." He thinks August Belmont's grand fly will improve.

Dave Gideon says he would have been foolish to allow Fitzpatrick to ride Morello when he and his partner had a fly in the race. "Why," said Gideon, "it would be like giving an enemy a gun to shoot you with."

Jim Hall's defeat of Ted Pritchard has not ended the English champion's static career, for he has issued a challenge to fight Bob Fitzsimmons in the Olympic Club, in New Orleans, for \$5,000 a side and a purse of \$10,000.

The fastest mile ever trotted in harness in Canada was made at the Woodbine Driving Club races, Toronto, Can., on August 17. The record breaker was the bay gelding J. B. Richardson, by George Wilkes. The time was 2:17.

On August 26, Arthur Walker of Australia, and Johnson (colored) of Portland, middle weights, fought the Fastime Athletic Club, San Francisco, Cal., for a purse of \$500. Johnson was knocked out in the forty-first round.

An agreement has been signed for a race for \$1,500 between the four-year-old champion stallion McKinnon, 2:15 1/4, by Aloyne, and the pacer Silkwood, 2:18 1/4, by Blackwood Mambrine, which is to be decided the last week in September at Santa Anna, Cal.

Ted Pritchard claims that his defeat by Jim Hall must be attributed to the fact that he was training for 14 weeks and went stale. Pritchard first trained to fight O'Brien; then, when the latter forfeited, he was matched to fight Jim Hall, consequently he did too much work.

A testimonial benefit will be tendered to the Life Savers' Corps of Coney Island, at Vacca's West End Casino, Coney Island, on Saturday, Sept. 10. The main attraction will be a glove contest between Jimmy Carroll and Tom Clark. There will be other attractions.

Mike Cushing, the hero of over thirty hard-fought battles in the ring, died on Aug. 31 at the Inebriates' Home at Eighty-ninth street and Second avenue, South Brooklyn. Pneumonia, produced by alcoholism, was the primary cause of the once invincible light-weight's demise.

Dr. O'Shea, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, the chairman of the boxing committee, is making preparations for the glove contests that are to be held in the above club on Sept. 24. Dr. O'Shea intends to try and induce Andy Bowen of New Orleans to come to New York to meet any 145-pound boxer.

John Muslo, the backer of Charley Turner, the Stockton middle-weight, is trying to arrange a battle on the turf between his principal and Jim Burge, the Australian Iron Man. Burge has given it out that he wants to meet Turner, notwithstanding he would be giving away about 25 pounds.

At Boston, Mass., Everett C. McClelland, the "Police Gazette" champion, won the one mile race in 4 minutes 30 seconds, beating John Manning and three others. He also won the 5 mile race from four starters in 25 minutes 54 seconds. At Wilkesbarre he won the five mile race in 25 minutes 30 seconds.

The death of Mr. Ten Broeck has passed almost unnoticed in England; but at one time he owned one of the largest racing stables in the Kingdom, and, with George Fordham wearing the "orange and black belt," won a great many races, notably "matches," in the making of which he was wonderfully proficient.

The Rochester pacer stallion, Vitello, won a capital race at the Buffalo Exposition meeting recently. In the 2:15 class, after Crawford had won the first heat in 2:14, he reeled off the next three in 2:15 1/4, 2:15 1/4, and 2:15 1/4. He is by Legal Tender, Jr., dam by Blue Bull, and should be able to hold his own in the free-for-all.

At the Chicago trotting meeting the following horses trotted and paced below 2:15: Hal Pointer (p), 2:05 1/4; Nancy Hanks, 2:07 1/4; Jay-Rye-See (p), 2:08 1/4; Flying Jib (p), 2:08 1/4; Paragon, 2:10 1/4; Alvin, 2:10 1/4; San Pedro (p), 2:10 1/4; Junemont, 2:14; Nightingale, 2:14 1/4; Pickpansy, 2:14 1/4; Honest George, 2:14 1/4; Geneva, 2:14 1/4; and Jack, 2:14.

On August 30, at the Coney Island Jockey Club, Mike F. Dwyer bet the large sum of \$25,500 on Lady Violet. When she seemed so hopelessly shut in he must have passed a bad moment. The way the fly came through when at last the chance offered was surprising. Her performance, in fact, stamps her as being all that her enthusiastic admirers have claimed for her.

Unless Hall consents to fight Bob Fitzsimmons in the Olympic Club, in New Orleans, there is little prospect of a match being made, for Fitzsimmons says he will not fight in the Olympic Club that he will always give that club the preference providing they will put up as large a purse as either the Pacific Coast or the Coney Island Athletic Club.

F. O. Norim of Sweden, who now resides in Jersey City, called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office last week and accepted the challenge recently issued by Joseph Levensmark, the champion diver. Norim agrees to arrange a match to dive against the champion for \$500 a side. The distance to be between seventy-five and eighty feet. Norim recently dove from an altitude of seventy-five feet in Boston, while Levensmark has a record of diving eighty feet.

Thomas O'Rourke, on August 30, issued a challenge wherein he offered to match George Dixon against Jimmy Cor-

rei, the light-weight, on the same night that Dixon meets Shelly, provided the fight is not too long. He will back Dixon for \$2,500 and the fight is for the largest or smallest purse that any one care to put up that Dixon will whip Corbett in four rounds. He declares that Dixon is acting to get a chance at Shelly's talkative trainer, and will take his grade out against him in any ring in the country.

Charles E. Davies, brother of Veva Davies, of Chicago, the proprietor of the "Greenroom," chartered a special train to go to the State carnival, and the following sporting men accompanied him: M. C. McDonald, Harry Varnell, Geo. C. Clarke, Ike Lansing, John Kins, the well-known trainer and party from Detroit; Malachai Hogan, M. A. Hogan, John Cadden, Theo. Curley, Jas. Crawford, Mai Stelzer, Medora. Kelly and O'Hara, Ex-Senator Garrity, Henry Ganey, John Driscoll, John Howland, Archie Donaldson, Representative Sol Van Fragg, Col. Theo. Jefferson Dolan.

At Crawfordsville, Ind., on Aug. 25, J. M. Layman attempted to beat the record of Steve Brodie by jumping from the top of the high iron bridge over which the Monon Railroad crosses Sugar Creek at that place. Arrayed in a startling medley of negligee clothing he climbed to the top of the bridge, and standing for a moment to survey the vast crowd that had gathered to witness his feat, he gave one big plunge toward the water beneath, and in a second of time was under the water. He was rescued immediately by some friends in a boat, and when he reached the shore appeared none the worse for his perilous jump.

A rattling static encounter was decided in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Aug. 24, between Tommy White, better known as Swipes, the Newbury, and Joe Daly, of Brooklyn. The contest was for a purse with two-ounce gloves. After the first three rounds had been fought the fight was little less than a riot. In the fourth round the referee declared that unless the spectators were more orderly the fight would be stopped. When the referee declared the fight a draw in the eighth round Daly's father and brother tried to strike the referee, and a rough jump into the ring, whipped out a gun and pointed it at the referee. The latter finally got out of the place unscathed.

The following cable was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

LONDON, Aug. 30.

Ted Pritchard, the English champion, called at the *Sporting Life* to-day and issued a challenge to fight Bob Fitzsimmons, the American middle-weight champion, for \$1,000 a side and largest purse offered in England or America for the middle-weight championship of the world at 11 stone 4 pounds.

Austin Gibbons, the American, arrived here to-day. He will meet Stanton Abbott in the National Club to-morrow to arrange match for £200 purse.

President Charles Noel, of the Olympic Club, writes to the *POLICE GAZETTE* that the Olympics will have enough pugilists on hand to arrange some great Mardi Gras fights. Dawson, who whipped Needham, is coming to look after the winner of the Myer-McAuliffe match. Sol Smith, Johnny Van Heest and Bobby Burns will be here to look after the bantams. Goddard, Jackson, Hall, Choyinski and a number of others will also ask for matches, and the big purses will be in great demand as long as the Olympics will offer them. "We are willing to pay big money for the best fights," said Capt. Williams, "but we want the best fights."

At Bridgeport, Conn., articles have been signed by George Sexton, who claims the championship of Western Massachusetts, and Ike Williams, the champion of Connecticut, to fight a long-round battle for \$500 a side in the rooms of the Bridgeport Athletic Club on the 30th of September. The men will fight with five-ounce gloves and will immediately go into training. Sexton now weighs 255 pounds, but will train down to 245. Williams will tip the scales at 180 when he steps into the ring. Sexton is backed by Timothy W. Cronin, of the Chicopee house, Chicopee, Mass., and a large sum of money will change hands on the result.

Johnny Reagan called at the "Police Gazette" office with his backer, posted \$100 forfeit, and left the following reply to the challenge issued recently by several New York and Brooklyn boxers:

NEW YORK, August 31.

Having read several challenges from a number of amateur pugilists who are looking for notoriety, I wish to state that I will meet any man in America at 145 pounds, or any amateur at catch-weight for \$1,000 a side. But the boxer accepting, no matter whether he is an amateur or a professional, must be able to guarantee a \$1,500 purse, which must go to the winner with the stakes. To show I mean business, Billy Reid, my backer, has posted \$100. Trusting these amateurs will either comply with these conditions or shut up, I remain,

JOHNNY REAGAN.

### BILLY MADDEN ON SULLIVAN AND CORBETT.

Billy Madden called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office last week and gave the following opinion on the coming fight:

"The public," he said, "do not understand what a wonderful phenomenon Sullivan will be if he wins this fight, considering the way he has lived for the past ten years. He is not the Sullivan who won the championship of America. He has fallen into flesh and has not had time enough to take it off; no athlete should go into physical contests fat. Sullivan would require six months' good, hard training to take off the necessary flesh, and be strong, without losing his vitality. He has shown good sense in not taking too much off, considering the time he gave himself to get ready—only two months—and should he win under these conditions, he is deserving of a marble statue as the greatest pugilist ever known to ancient or modern times, as well as a man of wonderful constitution. Corbett is undoubtedly a first-class man, having proven himself so by beating Kilrain and other good ones, and by standing off Peter Jackson. He is naturally an athlete, and being a young man has not fallen heavily into flesh. Should he win, the sporting fraternity are of the opinion that he will have still to



## SULLIVAN AND CORBETT.

## Pen Pictures of the Two Famous Gladiators.

## BOTH ARE GREAT FIGHTERS.

Since the great battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain for the "Police Gazette" championship belt, \$25,000 and the championship of the world, which was fought on July 6, 1892, at Richburg, Miss., there has not been so much interest evinced over a prize ring encounter until the match was arranged between John L. Sullivan and James Corbett. Strange to say, every time Sullivan engaged in a fight against a foe worthy of his steel, there is twice as much interest over the result of the contest than any other athletic event, no matter who are the principals. The reason is Sullivan has stood as a champion of champions for over a decade and never, luckily for Sullivan and the country he represents, has he met with defeat. He has stood during thirteen years like a monument that no human being could topple over, and yet he has always been ready to meet all comers, barring blacks, for whom he has an aversion.

Various opinions have been forthcoming as to the probable outcome of the battle between Sullivan and Corbett, and from general comment one would believe that Sullivan is about to attempt the biggest contract of his life. Sullivan's life may be said to have begun and ended with his three prize ring battles. And now it may be said to have begun again with the battle that is so near at hand. It was on one Saturday in the month of February, 1882, that a few well-known gentlemen, among them the writer of this article, took a train for New Orleans to see a contest there between Paddy Ryan, then champion pugilist of America, and John L. Sullivan, then known as the Boston Boy. They fought in Mississippi City. At that time Sullivan was 24 years of age. He stood 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in his stockings, weighed 153 pounds and seemed as stout and strong as an ox. This young gladiator was brought face to face with the then champion of the prize ring of America. Paddy Ryan was a Tipperary boy, stood 5 feet 1 inch in his stockings, and weighed 154 pounds. Small wonder that in this particular mill the betting was all on Ryan's side, and offers of two to one went begging. But those who witnessed the fight will remember what a one-sided affair it was. As a fighter Sullivan proved himself a demon. He surprised the natives at the way he slaughtered his opponent. It seemed as though Sullivan had won the battle in the very first round. At that stage he dealt Ryan a swinging left-hand blow over the heart which nearly ended the proceedings then and there. In the second round Sullivan won first blood, and in the third round Ryan commenced to go down to avoid punishment. In the fourth Sullivan nearly slaughtered the Trojan. In the fifth and sixth rounds Sullivan sent Ryan to grass, and in the seventh he cross-butted him. In the eighth round Ryan was carried away as limp as a rag. No one expected him to face the scratch in the ninth round. But, to the surprise of all, Ryan then came up again and made several furious lunges at Sullivan. This nettled the Bostonian, who quickly put the finishing touches on his antagonist and then ended the battle by punching Ryan down. After the battle it was the generation did not possess Sullivan's equal, and predicted that if he was to be beaten some rising star would have to do the work.

Sullivan's next battle was with Charley Mitchell for \$5,000 a side. It was not for the championship of the world. Jake Kilrain at that period being the champion, and held the "Police Gazette" belt. Sullivan held his opponent too cheap, believing he could defeat him in a few rounds and failed to train. Thirty-nine rounds were fought, and the friends of both sides decided upon a draw. Sullivan's failure to defeat Mitchell taught him a lesson which he profited by. He found out that it was necessary to train, and came to the conclusion that he failed to win through his own self-will in refusing to carry out the rules prescribed by his trainers.

Sullivan, on returning to America, decided to remove the blot placed upon his record by failing to defeat Charley Mitchell in France on March 10, 1890, and challenged Jake Kilrain to fight for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world. The match was ratified at Toronto, Canada, and I represented Richard K. Fox, who was the donor of the belt and also the backer of Kilrain. The match was made in a fair and bona fide way, and all the details arranged to the satisfaction of all parties.

After the match was made it was said that Sullivan was broken down and in no condition for a hard fight. I then had a chance to compare the Sullivan who met Ryan and Mitchell, and the Sullivan who met Kilrain, when the former stepped in the ring at Richburg. When Sullivan fought Ryan there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him, for he had been trained properly and he weighed 153 pounds. But when he faced Kilrain he was as broad as a barn door and as deep as a well, and tipped the scale at 217 1/2 pounds. Sullivan was in no condition for a fight, but even at that he fought like a demon, and at no stage of the proceedings was the battle in doubt, except when he vomited in the ring, and Kilrain refused to strike him. Besides, Sullivan had just recovered from a serious illness before he began training for his battle with Kilrain, and previous to that he had ignored all the rules relating to sobriety. Under the circumstances his battle with Kilrain was an eye-opener to even those who had come to look on Sullivan as invincible.

Corbett has had two battles which have given him prestige and standing in the athletic world. He fought Pe Jackson, at San Francisco, when that great pugilist was reported to be a sick and lame man, and the drawn battle which ensued gave to Corbett a real standing in the prize fighting world. Before that he met Kilrain.

Fighting is simply an adjunct to the attainment of the highest physical development. Fighters are the exponents and illustrators of the art of physical culture. I can very well understand that ladies and gentlemen of the most excellent character and the highest intelligence shudder at the mere mention of a prize fight; yet they could no more have attained the physical and mental perfection that distinguishes our modern civilization without the help of the prize fighter than they could enjoy lamb chops for lunch without the aid of the butcher who killed the lamb. You may say that is not a flattering comparison, but I use it to bring out the point I wish to make. To attain any end of importance disagreeable things have to be done. If all of us could be champions and live comfortably without fighting, none of us would want to fight any more than artists, statesmen or literary men—that is, until our passions were aroused, and the animal instinct gained supremacy. But we cannot be champions till we vanquish all comers. To a well known pugilist told a gentleman one day: "Why do you engage in these glove contests? Surely a man as clever as you can make a handsome living by teaching boxing, for instance, without having to go in the ring." There are a great many people in the world like that gentleman. They think a man can be a doctor without cutting up bodies to see what they are like; that a man can be an expert expert player without annoying the neighbors by practicing; or that he can be a great general without ever having had to face the exigencies of a battle. Suppose a man should teach a lot of kids how to row in a rowing machine, and when they asked him to get into a boat and go out on the water he should always decline, I do not think they would have any confidence in him. What would you think of the doctor who, having learned a cure for disease, refused to try it on a sick man? Why, that he was in doubt about his medicine and

If Your News Agent has not got Fox's Sensational Series—"Baccarat," "Fate of a Libertine," "Her Love Her Ruin," "The Devil's Compact," "Pauline's Caprice," "A Guilty Love," and "The Demi-Monde of Paris."—Ask him to get them for you, or send in your order to the office. The demand for them is enormous. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

afraid to have it tested. So it is with the man who professes any branch of athletics. He has got to consent to a trial with the rival teachers and exponents, or he will be set down as a fraud.

I remember some time ago that a man who invented a cable car guard offered to lie down on the track in front of a car propelled by his guard. There was a test that said more than all the learned talk that could be uttered. It appeared to every one I said before that the splendid mental and physical development of modern people could not have been accomplished without the assistance of the prize-fighter. Certainly we are a great deal more what our ancestors made us than what we have made ourselves.

Of course, there were no prize fighters among our remote ancestors, and the Marquis of Queensberry's rules are a modern invention, coming many years after the invention of boxing gloves, but the ancient had their contests of skill and strength, and the modern glove contest is a development from them. Pierce Egan, the author of "Boxiana," writes that the ancients used to wear a cestus, or a metal guard on the hand to save the knuckles and add to the effect of the blow. The fights they engaged in with the cestus would last a long time, which goes to show that the men in those days were not the equals of the great fighters of modern times. Give Frank P. Davis, Charley Mitchell, John L. Sullivan a pair of brass knuckles, which are similar to a cestus, I'll guarantee that they would whip a hundred of the old Roman or Grecian gladiators in three hours. The modern man has more strength, as well as more skill, than the ancient, just as our horses are better and faster than theirs were. And what is the reason that we can't equal the ancient sculptors? I'll give you my idea. For 200 years the Greeks had regular sculpturing tournaments for prizes, put up by the Athenian Athletic Club, and the winner used to have a big purse and land and slaves and wreaths of laurel, and every one wanted to beat him just like John L. Sullivan after he whipped Kilrain. They got near to perfection in sculpturing, and then the club broke up and there were no more competitions for hundreds of years, and so they have got to start fresh and work the art up again.

It is the contest that produces the man, not the man the contest. Look at our walkers. Why, they walk and run more than a hundred miles a day for six days. It is only a dozen years since six-day matches started, and it was in less than six years that they cut down the record more than 100 miles in six days. The Greeks gave up their sculptures, and other countries that had produced great painters, gave up the practice of giving large rewards for painting, but in one country or another the game of fighting has always gone on and men have improved. Stop it in a hundred years the people would be about like Digger Indians, with just ambition enough to pick berries and catch fish.

## REFEREE.

## IT WAS A GAME FIGHT.

## A Rattling Mill Between Patsy Murray and Billy Richards in Iowa.

The gamist, and yet, perhaps, one of the most one-sided prize fights ever recorded in the history of the ring occurred at a grove in Dallas County, Iowa, on August 24, on the line of the Des Moines, Northern & Western Railway.

The match was between Patsy Murray, the champion of South Omaha, and Billy Richards, of South Des Moines. The latter is a well-known coal miner, who had fought many exhibition contests, but never before faced a professional in the ring. Richards, being a Des Moines man, was heavily backed by the sturdy miners of the South Side, while Murray's support came principally from well-known gamblers and several disreputable citizens who placed their money on Murray merely to make the contest interesting.

The betting was very largely in Richards' favor, but a number of wagers were laid then, amounting to \$20 to \$50 that the Omaha man would win. John Rogers was chosen referee, and Billy Wells and Billy Howard acted as seconds for Richards, while Tom O'Leary and Jimmy Kelly performed a similar service for Murray.

ROUND 1.—Both men stepped quickly to the center. Neither having met the other they played cautiously, the one trying to draw out the tactics of the other. The round ended without an exchange of blows. Time was called while they were feinting for an opening.

ROUND 2.—Richards forced the fighting, but the round ended with a few light exchanges. Richards had the advantage of reach and height, but did not appear overly anxious to court an in-fight, where Murray could meet him on equal terms.

ROUND 3.—This round was emphasized with terrific fighting at close quarters. Richards closed in after a few feints and stretching out his good right caught Murray on the jaw and knocked him under the ropes. The Omaha boy regained his feet quickly, but was visibly groggy. However, he faced the music, and getting his wind, he caught Richards on the jugular and sent him sprawling under the ropes. The latter attempted to regain his feet but was knocked down three times in succession, the last blow, a left hand swing, landing on his wind and doubling him up like a jack-knife. Fortunately for Richards time was called at this juncture and he retired to his corner a very tired looking man.

ROUND 4.—Murray stood up, especially as the claret was flowing freely from Richards' nose and mouth, where Murray's terrible left hand landed a half dozen times in succession. Before the round closed Richards' long right found Murray's ribs three times, and as time was called he landed a stinger on the Omaha boy's ribs and wind.

ROUND 5.—Murray came up fresh and smiling, but cautious. Instead of playing for Richards' bread basket he essayed to land a knockout blow on the jugular and failed owing to the superior guard and long reach of Richards. This round was marked by savage rushes and a taste of reciprocity, and ended in favor of Richards. Murray succeeded in reaching his opponent twice on the face, but his blows fell short and lacked force.

ROUND 6.—Richards' face and breast presented a slaughter house appearance, and he fought wary of the little man from Omaha, several hard punches on the neck and belt having taught him discretion.

From the seventh round until the close in the eleventh round, Richards had the fight all his own way, repeatedly driving Murray to his corner and fighting him on the ropes. He could have finished his man in the ninth round, but curiously failed to do so. After the eighth round it was apparent that Murray was a whipped man, but he fought gamely on until the eleventh round, when he was driven across the ropes and locked out. The fight lasted fifty-two minutes and was as close as the hardest ever fought in Iowa.

## NANCY HANKS TROTS A MILE IN 2:05 1/4.

At Independence, Iowa, on Aug. 31, Nancy Hanks trotted a mile on a kite-shaped track in 2:05 1/4 in her attempt to beat 2:07 1/4. Budd Doble drove Nancy Hanks, while C. W. Williams came out behind Ned Gordon and T. Frank Starr behind Abbie Lincoln, the runners to act as prompters. After scoring once Doble nodded for the word, and the feet-footed mare set out on the journey whose footfalls were to be heard around the world. She trotted the first quarter in 30 seconds. On went the mare at the same heart-breaking clip and the half-mile post was passed like the flash of a meteor in 1:31; both quarters had been covered at a faster clip than ever before made by a trotting horse. Doble was then seen to take the mare back a little preparatory to the final struggle in the stretch.

The watches told 1:34 as she passed the third quarter, and here the runners were brought along-side and with voice and whip the bay queen was urged to make her final effort. She seemed to spurn the ground beneath her feet as with the aim of an arrow she headed for the wire straight and swift as a swallow on its flight.

As she neared the goal and it became evident that she would beat the record, the pent-up enthusiasm of the crowd was scarce repressed, and when the distance-post was reached it broke out in a tremendous volley, in the midst of which Nancy Hanks passed under the wire.

When the starter announced the time as 2:05 1/4, the ovation burst out afresh and was long continued. The mile was an honest one and the performance was honestly timed, many watches making it 2:05 flat.

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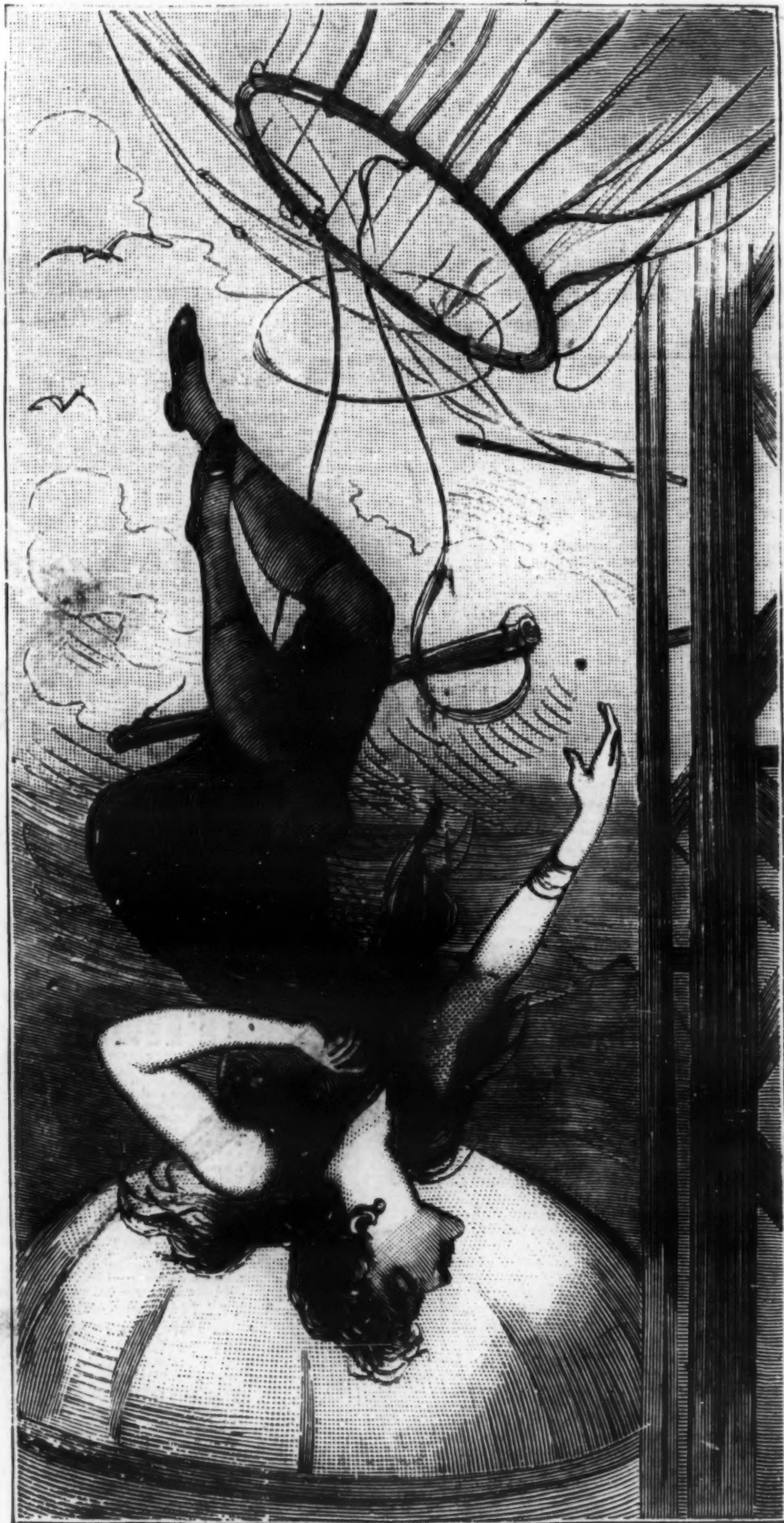




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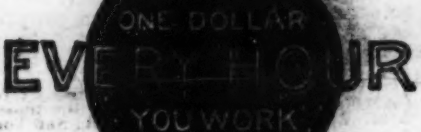
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Gelsemin, 1 grain.  
Ext. Ignellia amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.  
Ext. Ispandira, 2 scruples.  
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**Mix.** Take one pill at 1 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take three pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 50 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 5 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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